BATMAN
No.30
AUG...SEPT.
TEN CENTS
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
BAT MAN
HERE'S A NEW GUN FROM THE FOLKS BACK HOME, SOLDIER!
YEP! THE FOLKS THAT'RE BACKING THE 7TH WAR LOAN!

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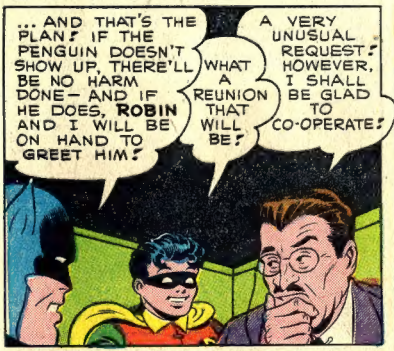
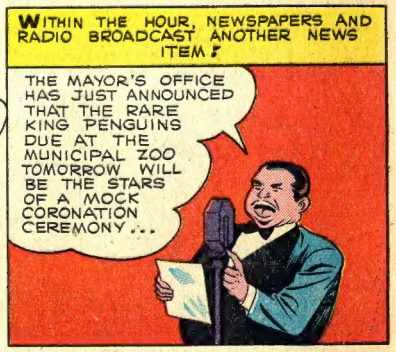
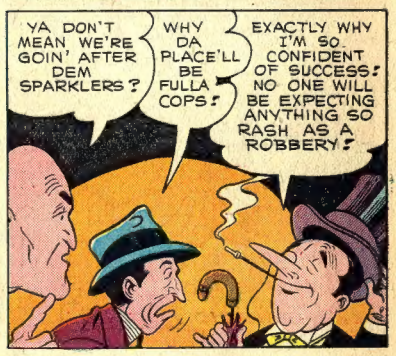
BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER
THAT PREDATORY BIRD OF ILL OMEN, THE PENGUIN, IS OUT AGAIN—AND ONCE MORE THE CROOK-CATCHING TEAM OF BATMAN AND ROBIN HAS FAST AND FURIOUS WORK TO DO! AND SINCE PERIL ALWAYS POURS WHEN THE DROLL LITTLE DESIGNER OF DEVILTRY FARES FORTH WITH HIS SINISTER UMBRELLAS, THE DYNAMIC DUO MUST RUB ELBOWS WITH SUDDEN DEATH MORE THAN ONCE BEFORE SENDING THE FUGITIVE...
"BACK TO THE BIG HOUSE!"
BOB KANE

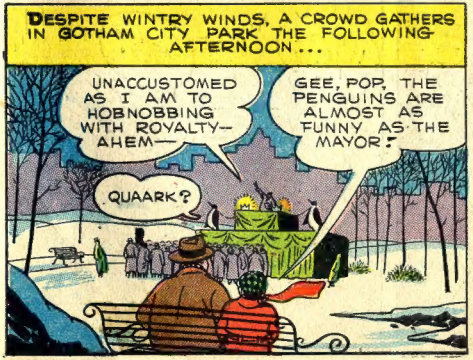
THE PENGUIN FEATHERS HIS NEST...
SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! A FAIR START ON MY RETURN JOURNEY FROM THE BIG HOUSE TO THE BIG TIME!
FOR YOU, HAMMER— AND YOU, TONGS! LET IT NEVER BE SAID THAT I NEGLECT MY LOYAL ASSOCIATES!
HUH! IS DIS ALL WE GET?
COMPLAINTS, EH? LET ME SHOW YOU MY NEWEST DESIGN IN UMBRELLAS, ONE THAT PROTECTS ME — BUT NOT MY ENEMY—AGAINST THE LIQUID FIRE IT EJECTS!
NIX, BOSS! CAN'T YA TAKE A JOKE?
HONEST, WE WAS ONLY KIDDIN'!
MEANWHILE, THE PUBLIC LEARNS OF AN EVENT THAT PRECEDED THE ONE-SIDED DIVISION OF THE SPOILS...
GOTHAM CITY GAZETTE
3 PAYROLL BANDITS USE UMBRELLA BOMB ON ARMORED TRUCK!
IN THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...
SO THE PENGUIN HAS FINALLY PULLED HIS FIRST JOB SINCE BREAKING JAIL! HERE'S WHERE BATMAN AND ROBIN GO INTO ACTION AGAIN!
WHERE AND HOW WOULD YOU SUGGEST THAT THEY BEGIN?
I WISH I KNEW! TOO BAD HE WON'T BE AMONG THOSE KING PENGUINS FROM ANTARCTICA BEING PRESENTED TO THE ZOO TOMORROW!
STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, DICK, I BELIEVE YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA!
MINUTES LATER, AT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE IN CITY HALL...
BATMAN! ROBIN!
EXCUSE US FOR NOT ANNOUNCING OURSELVES, YOUR HONOR— BUT WE'D RATHER THE REPORTERS KNEW NOTHING OF THIS VISIT!

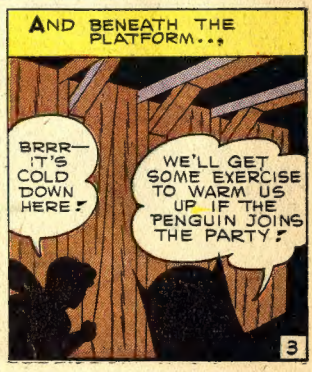

... AND THAT'S THE PLAN! IF THE PENGUIN DOESN'T SHOW UP, THERE'LL BE NO HARM DONE— AND IF HE DOES, ROBIN AND I WILL BE ON HAND TO GREET HIM!
WHAT A REUNION THAT WILL BE!
A VERY UNUSUAL REQUEST! HOWEVER, I SHALL BE GLAD TO CO-OPERATE!

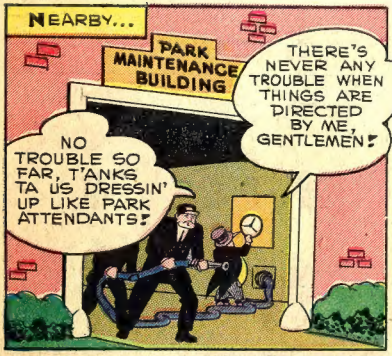

WITHIN THE HOUR, NEWSPAPERS AND RADIO BROADCAST ANOTHER NEWS ITEM!
THE MAYOR'S OFFICE HAS JUST ANNOUNCED THAT THE RARE KING PENGUINS DUE AT THE MUNICIPAL ZOO TOMORROW WILL BE THE STARS OF A MOCK CORONATION CEREMONY...

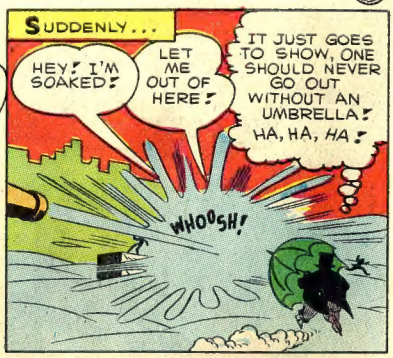
... JEWELED CROWNS WORTH A KING'S RANSOM WILL BE LOANED FOR THE OCCASION BY ONE OF THE CITY'S LARGEST JEWELERS, TO STIMULATE INTEREST IN THE ZOO!
FANCY THAT! UNTIL NOW, I NEVER EXPECTED TO VISIT THE ZOO— AT LEAST, NOT IN MIDWINTER!


YA DON'T MEAN WE'RE GOIN' AFTER DEM SPARKLERS?
WHY DA PLACE'LL BE FULLA COPS!
EXACTLY WHY I'M SO CONFIDENT OF SUCCESS! NO ONE WILL BE EXPECTING ANYTHING SO RASH AS A ROBBERY!

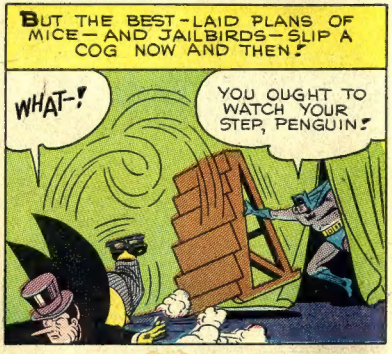

DESPITE WINTRY WINDS, A CROWD GATHERS IN GOTHAM CITY PARK THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...
UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM TO HOBNOBBING WITH ROYALTY— AHEM—
QUAARK?
GEE, POP, THE PENGUINS ARE ALMOST AS FUNNY AS THE MAYOR!

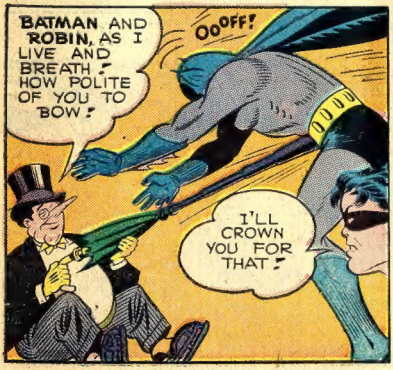

AND BENEATH THE PLATFORM...
BRRR— IT'S COLD DOWN HERE!
WE'LL GET SOME EXERCISE TO WARM US UP IF THE PENGUIN JOINS THE PARTY!


NEARBY...
PARK MAINTENANCE BUILDING
THERE'S NEVER ANY TROUBLE WHEN THINGS ARE DIRECTED BY ME, GENTLEMEN!
NO TROUBLE SO FAR, T'ANKS TA US DRESSIN' UP LIKE PARK ATTENDANTS!

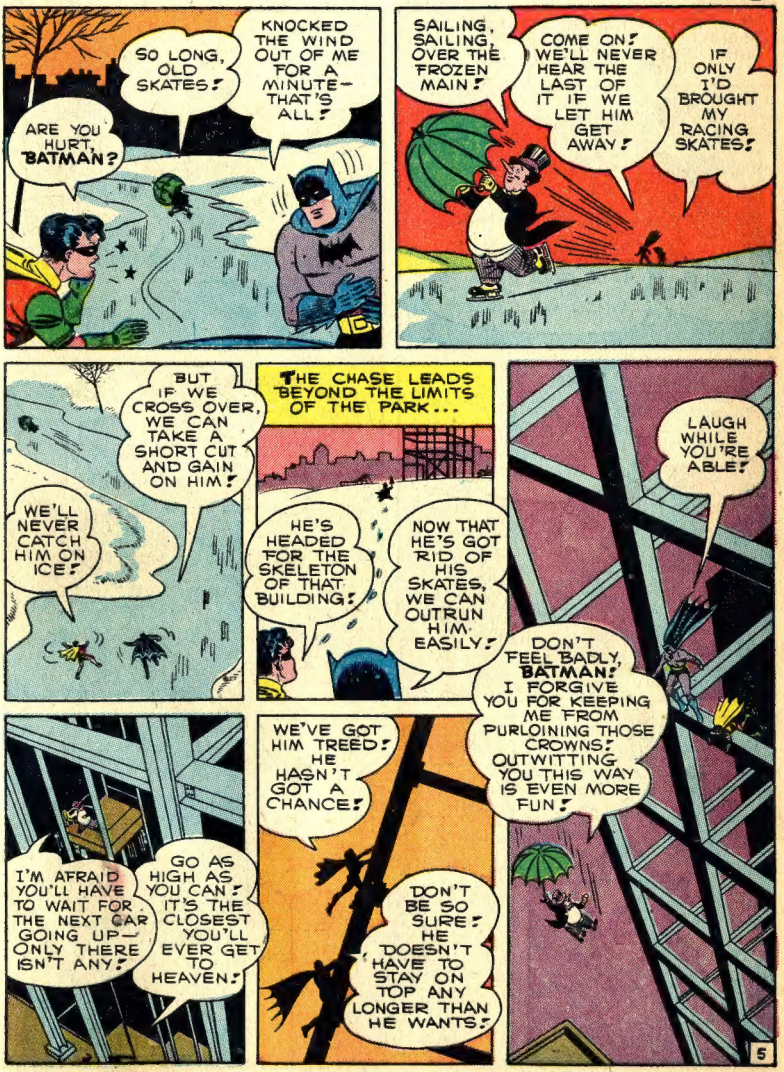

SUDDENLY...
HEY! I'M SOAKED!
LET ME OUT OF HERE!
IT JUST GOES TO SHOW, ONE SHOULD NEVER GO OUT WITHOUT AN UMBRELLA! HA, HA, HA!
WHOOSH!

THIS IS TERRIBLE! DO SOMETHING, OFFICER!
WHAT, FOR INSTANCE?
NOW TO GRAB THE CROWNS AND MAKE MY GETAWAY!


BUT THE BEST-LAID PLANS OF MICE—AND JAILBIRDS—SLIP A COG NOW AND THEN!
WHAT-!
YOU OUGHT TO WATCH YOUR STEP, PENGUIN!

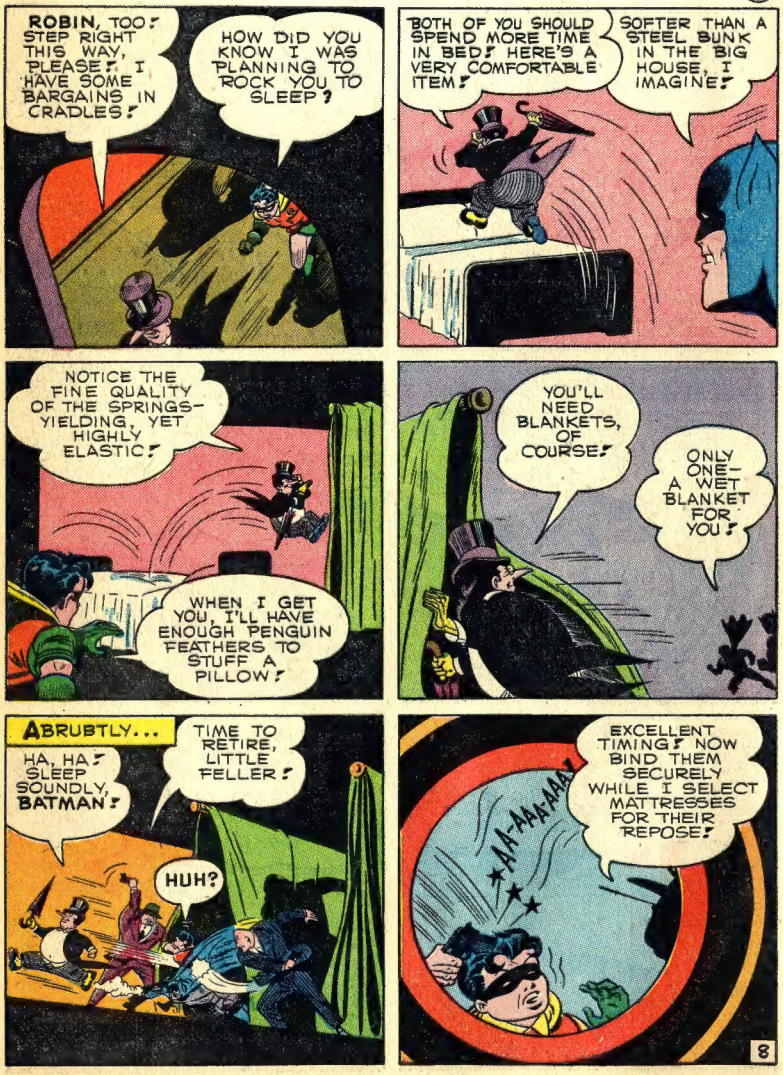

BATMAN AND ROBIN, AS I LIVE AND BREATH! HOW POLITE OF YOU TO BOW!
OOOFF!
I'LL CROWN YOU FOR THAT!

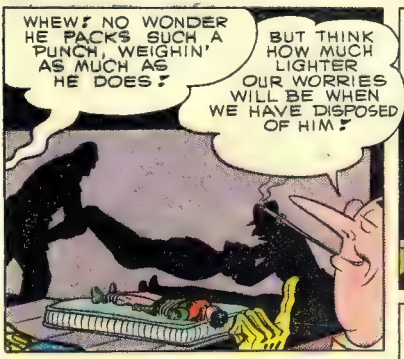
TAG—YOU'RE IT!
OW!

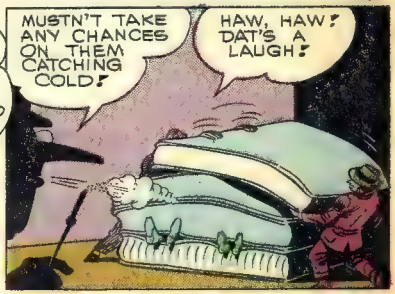

SO LONG, OLD SKATES!
KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF ME FOR A MINUTE— THAT'S ALL!
ARE YOU HURT, BATMAN?
SAILING, SAILING, OVER THE FROZEN MAIN!
COME ON! WE'LL NEVER HEAR THE LAST OF IT IF WE LET HIM GET AWAY!
IF ONLY I'D BROUGHT MY RACING SKATES!
BUT IF WE CROSS OVER, WE CAN TAKE A SHORT CUT AND GAIN ON HIM!
WE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM ON ICE!
THE CHASE LEADS BEYOND THE LIMITS OF THE PARK...
HE'S HEADED FOR THE SKELETON OF THAT BUILDING!
NOW THAT HE'S GOT RID OF HIS SKATES, WE CAN OUTRUN HIM EASILY!
LAUGH WHILE YOU'RE ABLE!
DON'T FEEL BADLY, BATMAN! I FORGIVE YOU FOR KEEPING ME FROM PURLOINING THOSE CROWNS! OUTWITTING YOU THIS WAY IS EVEN MORE FUN!
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE NEXT CAR GOING UP— ONLY THERE ISN'T ANY!
GO AS HIGH AS YOU CAN! IT'S THE CLOSEST YOU'LL EVER GET TO HEAVEN!
WE'VE GOT HIM TREED! HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE!
DON'T BE SO SURE! HE DOESN'T HAVE TO STAY ON TOP ANY LONGER THAN HE WANTS!

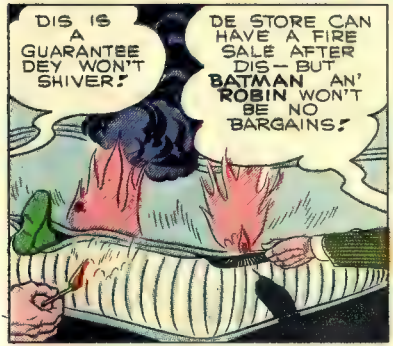
THE BATMAN'S STEEL-STRONG SILKEN ROPE, WORN BENEATH HIS UTILITY BELT, HISSES THROUGH THE AIR!
NICE ROPING, COWBOY!
THIS WILL GET US DOWN FASTER, AND WILL GIVE US A RUNNING START WHEN WE LAND!
MY WORD! IMPETUOUS, AREN'T YOU?
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET!
HE'S HEADING FOR THAT SECOND-HAND CLOTHES MARKET!
WHAT FOR, I WONDER? I DON'T SEE ANY MODELS WITH HORIZONTAL BLACK-AND-WHITE STRIPES!
WHY NOT DRESS UP LIKE HUMAN BEINGS FOR A CHANGE?
HUH?..
EXCUSE ME, STRANGER—DID YOU SEE A FUNNY-LOOKING LITTLE FAT MAN RUNNING AWAY FROM HERE?
BATMAN! WHY, YES—SOMEONE CARRYING AN UMBRELLA SCOOTED AROUND THE CORNER A MINUTE AGO!
WHEW! I NEVER FELT SO OVER-DRESSED IN MY LIFE!
BUT ONCE AROUND THE OPPOSITE CORNER...
HO, HO, HO! THAT WAS SO MUCH FUN, I'D LIKE TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN—IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO PREPARE FOR TONIGHT'S LABORS!
LOOKS LIKE THE FLOOR PLAN OF A BIG DEPARTMENT STORE!
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT IS, ROBIN—AND IT FELL OUT OF THE PENGUIN'S POCKET A SECOND BEFORE HE PUSHED THE CLOTHES RACK OVER ON US!

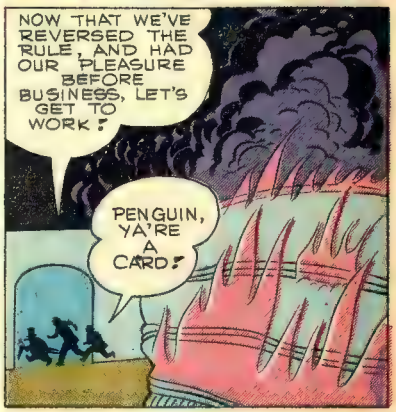
MIDNIGHT, AT GOTHAM CITY'S LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE...
I'VE MADE SURE THE BURGLAR ALARM SYSTEM DOESN'T EXTEND TO THE SKYLIGHT, SO WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT INTERRUPTIONS!
YA T'INK OF EVERYT'ING, PENGUIN!
YOU'LL FIND THE LUXURY SHOP ON THE THIRD FLOOR! YOU CAN'T MISS THE PAINTINGS, TAPESTRIES AND RARE VASES!
NERTZ TA DAT JUNK! IT'S DA JOOLRY DAT MAKES ME MOUT' DROOL!
BUT AS THE WILY PENGUIN BEGINS HIS DESCENT HE CASTS A LAST LOOK AROUND—AND SPIES AN OMINOUS SILHOUETTE ON A NEIGHBORING ROOF TOP!
THE BATMAN! HOW DID HE EVER TRACE ME HERE?
A MINUTE LATER...
HE LOOKED RIGHT TOWARD YOU, BATMAN! DO YOU THINK HE SAW YOU?
HARD TO TELL! THE NIGHT PLAYS STRANGE VISUAL TRICKS SOMETIMES!
WITHIN THE STORE...
BATMAN! JEEPERS—WE BETTER LAM!
YEAH! ONCE IN A LIFETIME IS TOO OFTEN TA TANGLE WIT' DAT GUY!
DO YOU DOUBT MY ABILITY TO OUTWIT HIM? STOP JITTERING AND LISTEN TO MY PLAN—
SLUMBER SHOP
NOW GET TO YOUR POSTS AND BE READY TO FOLLOW ORDERS!
OH, WELL, DEM MATTRESSES'LL BE SOFT TA LAND ON IF YA SCHEME DON'T WOIK, BOSS!
NEXT INSTANT...
I AM HONORED TO HAVE SUCH A DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGE AS MY FIRST CUSTOMER!
NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN TURNING A WELL-MANNERED CROOK OVER TO THE WARDEN!

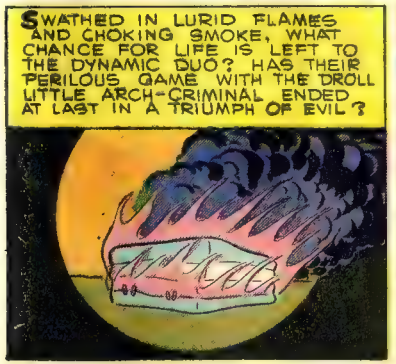

ROBIN, TOO! STEP RIGHT THIS WAY, PLEASE! I HAVE SOME BARGAINS IN CRADLES!
HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS PLANNING TO ROCK YOU TO SLEEP?
BOTH OF YOU SHOULD SPEND MORE TIME IN BED! HERE'S A VERY COMFORTABLE ITEM!
SOFTER THAN A STEEL BUNK IN THE BIG HOUSE, I IMAGINE!
NOTICE THE FINE QUALITY OF THE SPRINGS— YIELDING, YET HIGHLY ELASTIC!
WHEN I GET YOU, I'LL HAVE ENOUGH PENGUIN FEATHERS TO STUFF A PILLOW!
YOU'LL NEED BLANKETS, OF COURSE!
ONLY ONE— A WET BLANKET FOR YOU!
ABRUBTLY...
HA, HA! SLEEP SOUNDLY, BATMAN!
TIME TO RETIRE, LITTLE FELLER!
HUH?
AA-AAA-AAA!
EXCELLENT TIMING! NOW BIND THEM SECURELY WHILE I SELECT MATTRESSES FOR THEIR REPOSE!

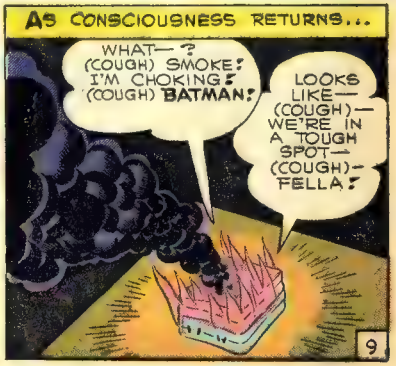

WHEW! NO WONDER HE PACKS SUCH A PUNCH, WEIGHIN' AS MUCH AS HE DOES!
BUT THINK HOW MUCH LIGHTER OUR WORRIES WILL BE WHEN WE HAVE DISPOSED OF HIM!


MUSTN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ON THEM CATCHING COLD!
HAW, HAW! DAT'S A LAUGH!


DIS IS A GUARANTEE DEY WON'T SHIVER!
DE STORE CAN HAVE A FIRE SALE AFTER DIS— BUT BATMAN AN' ROBIN WON'T BE NO BARGAINS!

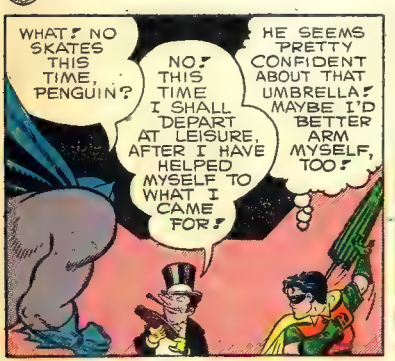

NOW THAT WE'VE REVERSED THE RULE, AND HAD OUR PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS, LET'S GET TO WORK!
PENGUIN, YA'RE A CARD!

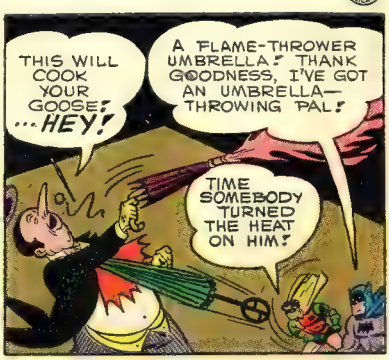

SWATHED IN LURID FLAMES AND CHOKING SMOKE, WHAT CHANCE FOR LIFE IS LEFT TO THE DYNAMIC DUO? HAS THEIR PERILOUS GAME WITH THE DROLL LITTLE ARCH-CRIMINAL ENDED AT LAST IN A TRIUMPH OF EVIL?

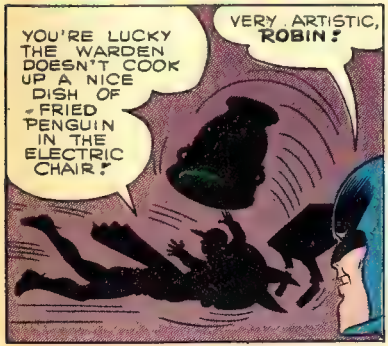

AS CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS...
WHAT— ? (COUGH) SMOKE! I'M CHOKING! (COUGH) BATMAN!
LOOKS LIKE— (COUGH)— WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT— (COUGH)— FELLA!

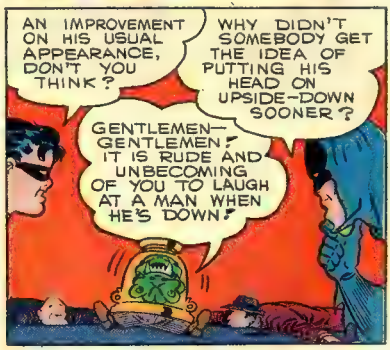
CAN'T DO A THING—(COUGH)—WITH THESE ROPES! WE—(COUGH)—HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE! BUT I—(COUGH)—NEVER EXPECTED TO DIE BETWEEN INNERSPRING MATTRESSES!
INNERSPRING? (COUGH) SO THEY ARE! AND THAT—(COUGH)—IS THE SECOND IDEA YOU'VE GIVEN ME TODAY, ROBIN!
ONLY—(COUGH)—A SLIM CHANCE—BUT IF I CAN RIP THE MATTRESS COVER---
(COUGH) I DON'T—(COUGH)—GET IT!
A LONG, AGONIZING MINUTE OF CLAWING AND TUGGING, WITH SUFFOCATION INTENSIFYING; AND SUDDENLY...
THERE!
R-R-RIP-P!
ONE OF THE SPRINGS—(COUGH)—HAS COME THROUGH! IF—(COUGH) I CAN WORK THE END—(COUGH)—INTO THE KNOT OF THE ROPES—(COUGH)—ON MY WRIST—
IT'LL HAVE TO—(COUGH)—BE FAST, BATMAN!
I'M—FINISHED—(COUGH! COUGH!) CAN'T—STAND IT—ANY LONGER!
HOLD ON JUST A HALF SECOND, ROBIN! I'M—(COUGH) GETTING IT!
SAFE! WE'VE DONE IT! NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT UNTIE THE OTHER KNOTS AND GO AFTER THAT MURDEROUS LITTLE CROOK!
NEVER KNEW—FRESH AIR—COULD TASTE SO GOOD!
THE WHOLE STORE WOULD HAVE BEEN ON FIRE EVENTUALLY!
BUT THE AUTOMATIC ALARM WOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT THE FIRE ENGINES UNTIL TOO LATE TO HELP US, AND TOO LATE TO STOP THE PENGUIN!

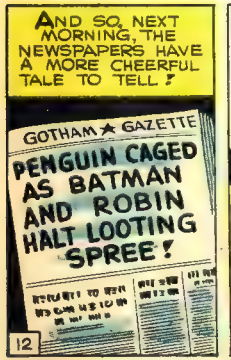
MEANWHILE . . .
OLD MASTERS FROM THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD! TAPESTRIES THAT GRACED THE PALACES OF KINGS AND PRINCES!
ME, I'D RATHER SEE A MOVIE, ANY DAY!
MING VASES! PRICELESS JADES! WE MUST COME HERE MORE OFTEN!
UGLY T'INGS, AIN'T DEY? LET'S GET ON TA DA DIAMONDS!
TO MAKE IT COMPLETE, THEY EVEN HAVE AN ORIENTAL UMBRELLA ON THE WALL!
ULP! LOOK!
THEY GOT US!
YIIII!
IDIOTS! CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S ONLY A PICTURE — AND A FINE ONE, AT THAT?
A PITCHER! BUT IT'D GIMME NIGHTMARES, JUST DA SAME, IF I HAD TA LOOK AT IT VERY MUCH!
IT'S SO REAL, I CAN ALMOST FEEL DA BATMAN SLAMMIN' ME RIGHT ON DA DOME!
JUST ONE FINAL TOUCH OF REALISM!
WHO'S GOING TO SLEEP NOW?
BATMAN! ROBIN!

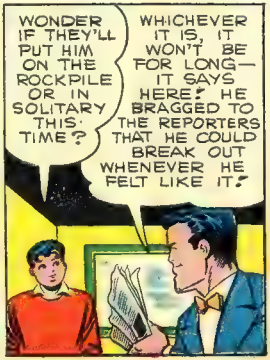

WHAT? NO SKATES THIS TIME, PENGUIN?
NO! THIS TIME I SHALL DEPART AT LEISURE, AFTER I HAVE HELPED MYSELF TO WHAT I CAME FOR!
HE SEEMS PRETTY CONFIDENT ABOUT THAT UMBRELLA! MAYBE I'D BETTER ARM MYSELF, TOO!

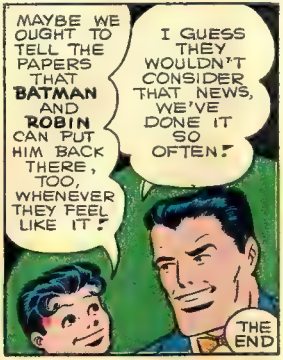

THIS WILL COOK YOUR GOOSE! ...HEY!
A FLAME-THROWER UMBRELLA! THANK GOODNESS, I'VE GOT AN UMBRELLA—THROWING PAL!
TIME SOMEBODY TURNED THE HEAT ON HIM!


YOU'RE LUCKY THE WARDEN DOESN'T COOK UP A NICE DISH OF FRIED PENGUIN IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
VERY ARTISTIC, ROBIN!


AN IMPROVEMENT ON HIS USUAL APPEARANCE, DON'T YOU THINK?
WHY DIDN'T SOMEBODY GET THE IDEA OF PUTTING HIS HEAD ON UPSIDE-DOWN SOONER?
GENTLEMEN—GENTLEMEN! IT IS RUDE AND UNBECOMING OF YOU TO LAUGH AT A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN!


AND SO, NEXT MORNING, THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE A MORE CHEERFUL TALE TO TELL!
GOTHAM ★ GAZETTE
PENGUIN CAGED AS BATMAN AND ROBIN HALT LOOTING SPREE!
12

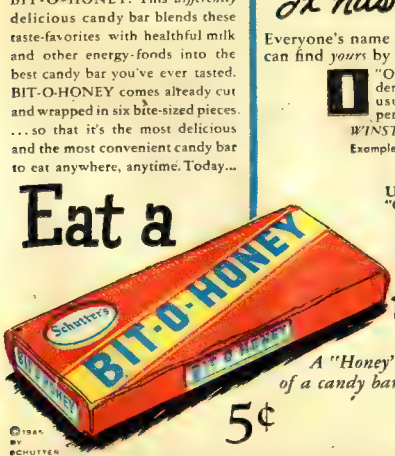

WONDER IF THEY'LL PUT HIM ON THE ROCKPILE OR IN SOLITARY THIS TIME?
WHICHEVER IT IS, IT WON'T BE FOR LONG—IT SAYS HERE! HE BRAGGED TO THE REPORTERS THAT HE COULD BREAK OUT WHENEVER HE FELT LIKE IT!


MAYBE WE OUGHT TO TELL THE PAPERS THAT BATMAN AND ROBIN CAN PUT HIM BACK THERE, TOO, WHENEVER THEY FEEL LIKE IT!
I GUESS THEY WOULDN'T CONSIDER THAT NEWS, WE'VE DONE IT SO OFTEN!
THE END

Meet a

Folks, do you like golden, delicious honey?.. and crisp, munchy toasted almonds? You do? Then you'll love BIT-O-HONEY. This *differently* delicious candy bar blends these taste-favorites with healthful milk and other energy-foods into the best candy bar you've ever tasted. BIT-O-HONEY comes already cut and wrapped in six bite-sized pieces. ...so that it's the most delicious and the most convenient candy bar to eat anywhere, anytime. Today...

Eat a



A "Honey" of a candy bar

5¢

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You'll like OLD NICK, too... a delicious chocolate-covered bar, made by the makers of BIT-O-HONEY

WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER?

It has a special meaning!

Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number. YOU can find *yours* by using the Number-Alphabet below.

1 "One" individuals aspire to greatness. They are independent, aggressive and possess daring spirits; have the unusual ability of making actions and thoughts work in perfect harmony.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S name adds up to ONE—Does Yours?

Example: W I N S T O N C H U R C H I L L
5+9+5+1+2+6+5+3+8+3+9+3+8+9+3+3=82*
*8+2=10 1+0=1

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "One", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

The Number-Alphabet

A-J-S are "1"	B-K-T are "2"	C-L-U are "3"
D-M-V are "4"	E-N-W are "5"	F-O-X are "6"
G-P-Y are "7"	H-Q-Z are "8"	I-R are "9"

YOURS FREE Want the key to *your* number? Send today for the amazing new BIT-O-HONEY book "WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" It's FREE! Paste coupon on a postcard. Mail it NOW!

"BIT-O-HONEY" NC1
Box 59, St. Louis 3, Mo

Please send me—absolutely FREE and without obligation my "What's Your Number" booklet.

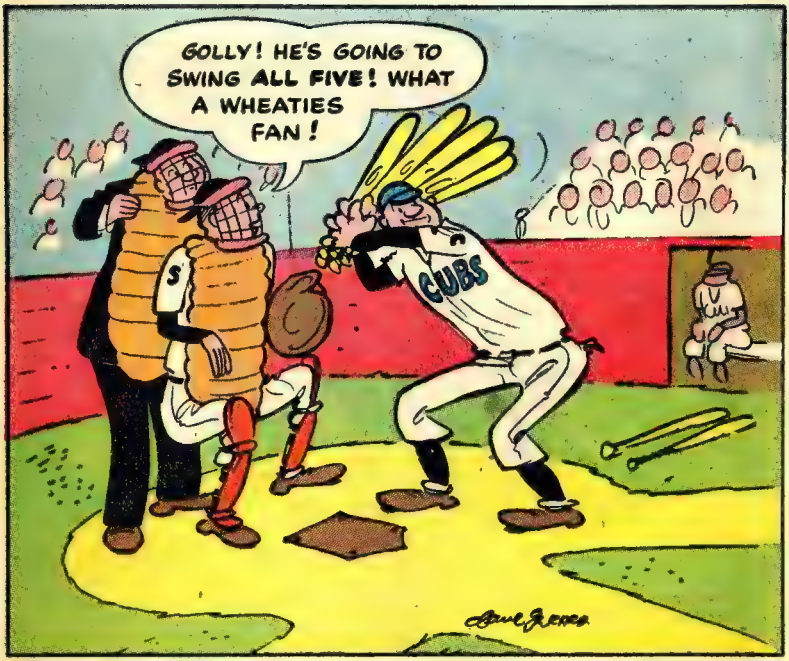
Name_____
(please print plainly)

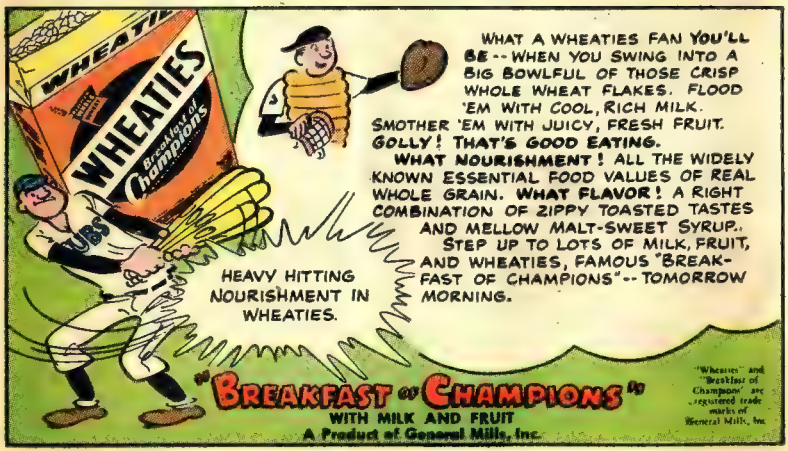
Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

If you are under 18, check here _____
Regardless of your age, you get your Number booklet FREE.

(This offer expires December 31, 1945)


GOLLY! HE'S GOING TO SWING ALL FIVE! WHAT A WHEATIES FAN!
CUBS


WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions
CUBS
HEAVY HITTING NOURISHMENT IN WHEATIES.
WHAT A WHEATIES FAN YOU'LL BE -- WHEN YOU SWING INTO A BIG BOWLFUL OF THOSE CRISP WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES. FLOOD 'EM WITH COOL, RICH MILK. SMOTHER 'EM WITH JUICY, FRESH FRUIT. GOLLY! THAT'S GOOD EATING.
WHAT NOURISHMENT! ALL THE WIDELY KNOWN ESSENTIAL FOOD VALUES OF REAL WHOLE GRAIN. WHAT FLAVOR! A RIGHT COMBINATION OF ZIPPY TOASTED TASTES AND MELLOW MALT-SWEET SYRUP.
STEP UP TO LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" -- TOMORROW MORNING.
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT
A Product of General Mills, Inc.
"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

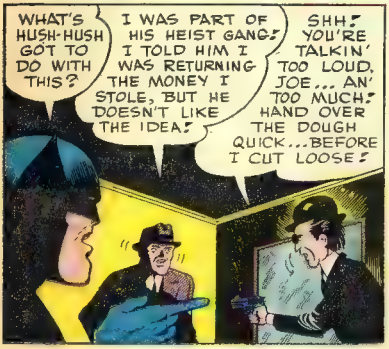
BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
EVER REALIZE HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE AT WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP? YOU'D BE SURPRISED! AND IT IS TO THAT VAST ARMY OF NIGHT-WORKERS THAT THIS STORY IS DEDICATED BY THOSE VERY SPECIAL NIGHT-WORKERS, BATMAN AND ROBIN! TO THE NIGHT WATCHMAN, HOSPITAL EMPLOYEES, SUBWAY-TRACK INSPECTORS, POWER PLANT SUPERVISORS, CABBIES, FACTORY TOILERS, AND ALL THE OTHERS, TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION, WHO WORK... "WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS!"
ZZZ

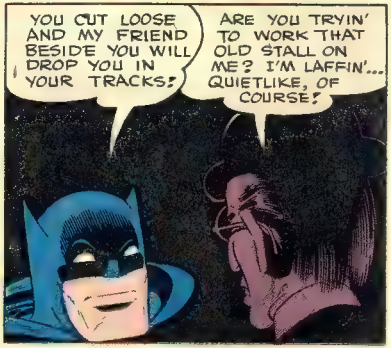
NIGHT FALLS OVER GOTHAM CITY. THE HOURS PASS. ONE BY ONE THE LIGHTS WINK OUT! THE CITY SLEEPS!
BUT SOME LIGHTS LINGER, AS IN THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON---
OKAY, YOUNGSTER... WE'RE GOING OUT TONIGHT, BUT NOT TO CATCH CROOKS! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A TASTE OF NIGHT-LIFE!
NIGHT-LIFE? YOU'RE NOT KIDDING, ARE YOU?
LATER, THE FOOTSTEPS OF BATMAN AND ROBIN ECHO HOLLOWLY IN DESERTED CITY STREETS...
SURE IS QUIET, THIS TIME OF NIGHT!
YES! YOU WOULDN'T THINK THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WERE AWAKE, BUT THEY ARE! AND A GOOD THING, TOO!
BATMAN GUIDES ROBIN INTO A BUILDING WHERE FIGURES IN WHITE MOVE WITH QUIET EFFICIENCY...
DOCTORS AND NURSES, FOR INSTANCE! PEOPLE NEED THEM ALL THE TIME, NOT ONLY IN THE DAYTIME!
SO THIS IS THE KIND OF NIGHT-LIFE YOU MEANT!
AND DOCTORS AND NURSES AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO WORK WHILE WE SLEEP!
NO, POLICEMEN AND FIREMEN DO, TOO!
CLANG!
CLANG
FD
AND TELEPHONE OPERATORS!
GOLLY, YES! PEOPLE HAVE TO BE REACHED BY PHONE AT ALL TIMES!
2

AND HERE ARE THE WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKETS. THEY STAY OPEN ALL NIGHT TO SUPPLY OUR CITY WITH FOOD FOR THE NEXT DAY!
... SO I CAN HAVE MY FRUIT JUICE AND EGGS FOR BREAKFAST! GOLLY, I OUGHT TO GO OVER AND SAY THANKS!
BATMAN! LOOK UP THERE!
HUH? DID I SAY WE WERE NOT GOING TO CATCH CROOKS TONIGHT, ROBIN?
BUT THIS CROOK ISN'T TAKING ANYTHING OUT OF THE SAFE...
NO... HE'S PUTTING SOMETHING IN IT!
BATMAN!
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, MISTER?
WHAT'S THE USE OF KIDDING YOU! I STOLE THE MONEY... FIVE DAYS AGO!
AND YOU'RE RETURNING IT NOW? WHY?
OLDEST REASON IN THE WORLD! A GIRL! MET HER A FEW DAYS AGO... WE BOTH FELL IN LOVE... PROMISED TO MARRY ME IF I'D REFORM AND RETURN WHAT I'D STOLEN...
BUT I HAD TO RETURN THE MONEY SECRETLY SO I WOULDN'T BE ARRESTED! NOW YOU'VE GOT ME... WHAT'S THE USE?

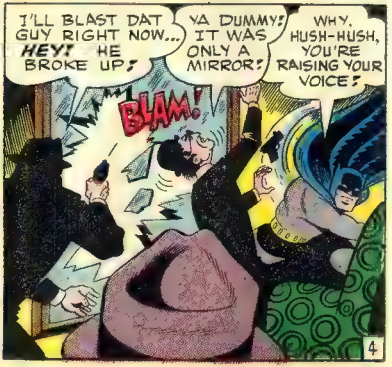
WHAT A LAUGH!
CHEER UP! I THINK YOU DESERVE A CHANCE, SO I'LL HELP YOU RETURN THAT MONEY!
NOT TONIGHT YOU WON'T!

HUSH-HUSH BODIN!
SHH! QUIET! WHATCHA MAKIN' SO MUCH NOISE FER? SHH! JUST HAND OVER THE DOUGH!


WHAT'S HUSH-HUSH GOT TO DO WITH THIS?
I WAS PART OF HIS HEIST GANG! I TOLD HIM I WAS RETURNING THE MONEY I STOLE, BUT HE DOESN'T LIKE THE IDEA!
SHH! YOU'RE TALKIN' TOO LOUD, JOE... AN' TOO MUCH! HAND OVER THE DOUGH QUICK...BEFORE I CUT LOOSE!


YOU CUT LOOSE AND MY FRIEND BESIDE YOU WILL DROP YOU IN YOUR TRACKS!
ARE YOU TRYIN' TO WORK THAT OLD STALL ON ME? I'M LAFFIN'... QUIETLIKE, OF COURSE!

HUSH-HUSH! HE AIN'T KIDDIN! LOOK!
HUH..?

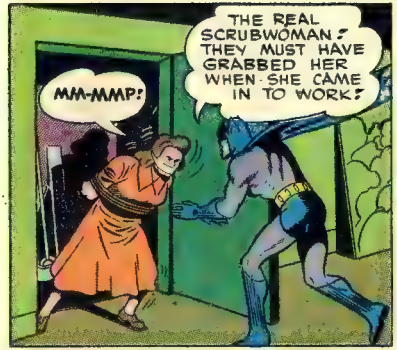

I'LL BLAST DAT GUY RIGHT NOW... HEY! HE BROKE UP!
YA DUMMY! IT WAS ONLY A MIRROR!
WHY, HUSH-HUSH, YOU'RE RAISING YOUR VOICE!
BLAM!

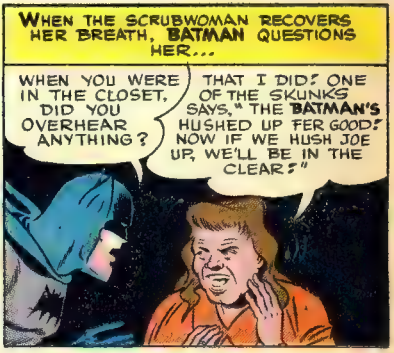
HEY! OOOF!
YAH! RUBBER LEGS!
YOU CAN'T DO DIS TO ME! YOU'RE ONLY A KID!
CAN I HELP IT IF I RUN AWAY WITH MYSELF?
"BATMAN! LOOK OUT! HUSH-HUSH HAS A GUN!
OYOH!
THIS'LL HUSH YA UP FER GOOD!
JOE!
AHHHHHHH!
BLAM!
GET GOIN' BEFORE THE BATMAN STARTS SWINGIN' AT US AGAIN! MAKE IT QUICK AND QUIET!
"BATMAN! SHALL I GO AFTER THEM?
NO... TOO MANY FOR YOU! RIGHT NOW OUR JOB IS TO GET JOE TO A HOSPITAL!
THERE IT IS! GOLLY, IT'S A GOOD THING HOSPITALS STAY OPEN AT NIGHT!
YOU'RE LEARNING ABOUT NIGHT LIFE AT FIRST HAND!
GOTHAM HOSPITAL

MINUTES LATER... AFTER AN EMERGENCY OPERATION...
THE MAN WILL RECOVER, BATMAN, BUT I MUST KNOW MORE ABOUT HIM FOR THE HOSPITAL RECORDS! HOW DID HE GET SHOT?
I GOT TO COVER UP FOR JOE—
ROBIN AND I WERE BATTLING SOME THUGS! HE TRIED TO HELP US AND STOPPED A BULLET!
STILL LATER...
RADIO AND EVERYTHING! ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME!
YEAH... I'M OKAY... BUT THE MONEY! WILL YOU DELIVER IT?... AND WILL YOU TELL MY GIRL I'M OKAY! SHE WORKS AT THE GOTHAM HALL! SHE'S A BALLET DANCER...
I'LL TELL HER TOMORROW! NO USE WORRYING HER TONIGHT! AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE MONEY! NOW YOU LISTEN TO THE MUSIC AND RELAX!
AFTERWARDS..THE MOON AGAIN LOOKS DOWN ON THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS OF BATMAN AND ROBIN...
JUST A LITTLE FURTHER TO THE SECOND PLACE ON JOE'S LIST!
OKAY, SANTA CLAUS! START GIVING OUT THE PRESENTS, BUT I HOPE WE DON'T RUN INTO ANYBODY!
OH, THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! I'M JOE'S GIRL... ANN! HE JUST CALLED ME FROM THE HOSPITAL... SAID YOU'D PASS HERE! I MUST SPEAK TO YOU!
OOPS!
BUT NOT HERE! TOO DANGEROUS! WE'LL GO TO THE THEATRE WHERE I DANCE! IT'S USUALLY DESERTED AT THIS HOUR!
OKAY, ANN! LEAD THE WAY!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER... BACK-STAGE THROUGH THE PROP DEPARTMENT OF THE WORLD-FAMED GOTHAM HALL THEATRE...
DID SHE SAY DESERTED?
OH, THE SCRUB WOMAN! THAT'S ANOTHER PART OF YOUR NIGHT LIFE! ALL OVER THE CITY THEY GET BUILDINGS READY FOR THE NEXT MORNING!

BUT AS THE GIRL TURNS TO FACE THEM, BATMAN NOTICES SOMETHING ABOUT HER FEET...
REMEMBER JOE SAID HIS GIRL WAS A BALLET DANCER? A TRAINED BALLET DANCER ALWAYS WALKS WITH HER TOES POINTING OUTWARD BECAUSE IT STRENGTHENS THE LEGS AND BECAUSE BALLET DANCING REQUIRES HER TO WALK LIKE THAT! LOOK AT THAT GIRL'S FEET! SHE WALKS SLIGHTLY PIGEON-TOED!
GOLLY, THEN WE'RE WALKING INTO A TRAP!
YOU MEAN WALKED!
DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY! THEY GOT A FORTUNE IN THAT SATCHEL!
HUSH-HUSH! WELL... ALL THESE FANCY ARRANGEMENTS JUST TO GET US?
NOTHIN' AIN'T TOO FANCY SO LONG AS IT CATCHES YOU, BATMAN! GET 'EM, BOYS... AN' PLEASE, NO NOISE!
BATMAN, THEY'RE GOING TO GET US!
FIGHT THEM OFF, ROBIN! JOE'S COUNTING ON US!
WOW! LOOKS LIKE A REGULAR WHO'S ZOO!
NO TIME FOR PUNS, ROBIN! ACROSS THAT ELEVATOR PIT! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THIS MONEY!

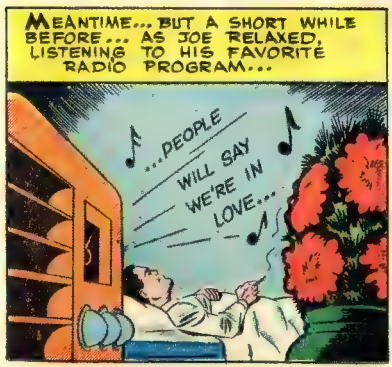
THE TWO TEAR INTO THE BANDITS! THEY'VE GOT A FIGHT ON THEIR HANDS AND THEY KNOW IT!
THEN—
BATMAN, I—I SLIPPED—
ROBIN! LOOK OU... UGH!
SH! QUIET!
SOMETIME AFTERWARD...
OOH! THAT NOISE IN MY HEAD!
RRR-RRR-
IT ISN'T FROM THAT SOCK! IT'S THE ELEVATOR—AND IT'S COMING DOWN ON US!
BEST SPOT I EVER SAW FOR A SHORT-CIRCUIT! BLESS THE WORK-MAN WHO DROPPED THIS!
BATMAN! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING QUICK OR WE'RE GONERS!
WOW! TALK ABOUT MIRACLES! A RUBBER-HANDLED SCREW DRIVER!
LATER...
WE'VE LET JOE DOWN! HUSH-HUSH TOOK THE BAG OF MONEY! OH... DON'T TELL ME THAT'S MY HEAD THUMPING AGAIN!
SOUNDS TO ME LIKE IT'S COMING FROM THAT CLOSET DOOR!
IT'S STOPPED! YOU DID IT!
THUMP
THUMP
8

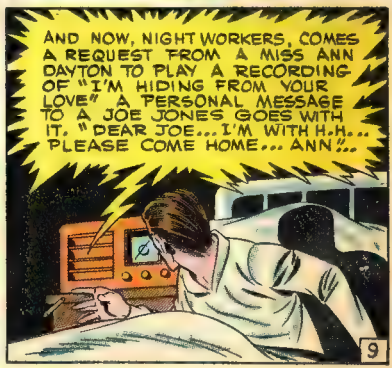

MM-MMP!
THE REAL SCRUBWOMAN? THEY MUST HAVE GRABBED HER WHEN SHE CAME IN TO WORK?


WHEN THE SCRUBWOMAN RECOVERS HER BREATH, BATMAN QUESTIONS HER...
WHEN YOU WERE IN THE CLOSET, DID YOU OVERHEAR ANYTHING?
THAT I DID! ONE OF THE SKUNKS SAYS, " THE BATMAN'S HUSHED UP FER GOOD! NOW IF WE HUSH JOE UP, WE'LL BE IN THE CLEAR!"

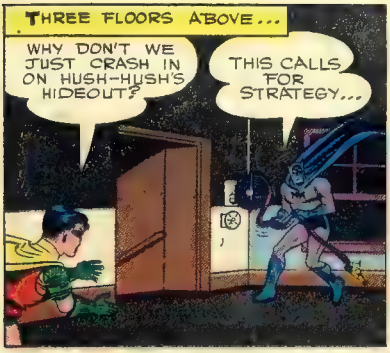
" THEN ONE OF THEM SAYS..."
YEAH... BUT IT'S TOO DANGEROUS TO GET HIM AT THE HOSPITAL! WE GOTTA GET HIM OUTA THERE!
I'VE GOT IT! YOU KNOW THAT "NIGHTOWL MATINEE" RADIO PROGRAM-- AND HOW JOE NEVER NEVER MISSED LISTENIN' TO IT... WELL... SUPPOSE WE PUT IN A REQUEST? GET IT?

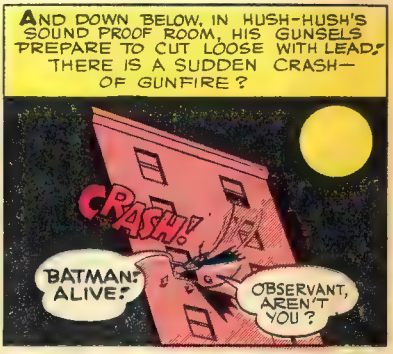
THEN THEY ALL LAUGHED AND LEFT! THE BEASTS! THEY... OHH! A FIFTY DOLLAR BILL!
THANK HEAVEN FOR THE SCRUBWOMEN WHO WORK AT NIGHT!


MEANTIME... BUT A SHORT WHILE BEFORE... AS JOE RELAXED, LISTENING TO HIS FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM...
...PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE...

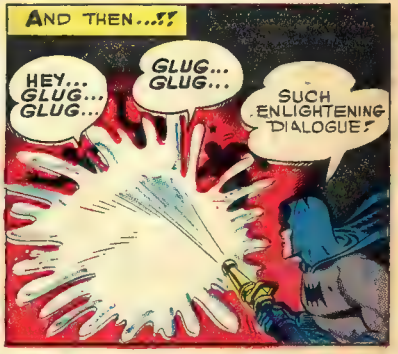

AND NOW, NIGHT WORKERS, COMES A REQUEST FROM A MISS ANN DAYTON TO PLAY A RECORDING OF "I'M HIDING FROM YOUR LOVE" A PERSONAL MESSAGE TO A JOE JONES GOES WITH IT, "DEAR JOE... I'M WITH H.H... PLEASE COME HOME... ANN"...

THOUGH STILL WEAK FROM HIS WOUND, JOE PUSHES HIMSELF OFF THE BED...
ANN?...HUSH-HUSH HAS GOT HER?...TOOK HER TO THE HIDEOUT? GOT TO GET THERE... SAVE ANN... SWEET KID...! SHOULDN'T GET HURT BECAUSE OF ME...
MEANWHILE...
WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE RADIO STATION FAST! LUCKY FOR US SOME CAB DRIVERS WORK ALL NIGHT!
I'M BEGINNING TO GET AN IDEA. JUST HOW IMPORTANT NIGHT WORK IS!
MINUTES LATER... THE TWO ENTER THE STUDIO OF THE "NIGHT OWL'S MATINEE" RADIO PROGRAM.
AND NOW COMES A REQUEST FROM THE SWING SHIFT WORKERS AT THE SHIPYARD FOR... HOLD IT, FOLKS! GUESS WHO JUST WALKED IN! BATMAN AND ROBIN!
GO ON, BATMAN! SAY SOMETHING TO THE FOLKS!
FOLKS, YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED IN HEARING MY TONGUE WAG! YOU'RE WAITING TO HEAR DAN SHAWN AND HIS FINE ALL-NIGHT MUSIC! THAT MAKES THINGS PLEASANTER FOR YOU PEOPLE OUT THERE WORKING THROUGH THE NIGHT!
SWITCHING ON A RECORD, SHAWN LEADS BATMAN TO A SOUND PROOF ROOM...
THANKS FOR THE PLUG! NOW CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?
YOU CERTAINLY CAN! I WANT TO KNOW WHAT REQUESTS YOU'VE HAD, AND TO WHOM THEY'VE GONE, IN THE LAST TEN MINUTES!
AND NOW OUR STORY RUSHES HEADLONG THROUGH THE NIGHT... TO THE MOMENT WHEN JOE WEAKLY PUSHES OPEN A DOOR...
WHERE'S ANN? IF YOU RATS HAVE HURT HER, I'LL...
SHH! WHAT'RE YA KICKIN' UP SUCH A RACKET FER! ANN AIN'T HURT! SHE AIN'T EVEN HERE! WE JUST USED HER NAME AS BAIT... SEE WHAT I MEAN?

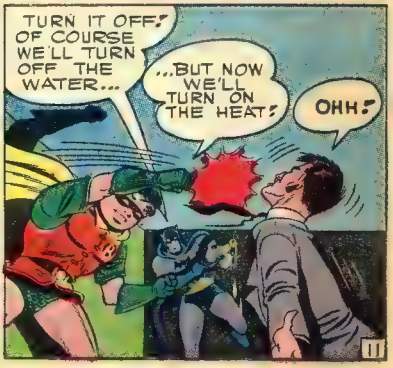

THREE FLOORS ABOVE...
WHY DON'T WE JUST CRASH IN ON HUSH-HUSH'S HIDEOUT?
THIS CALLS FOR STRATEGY...

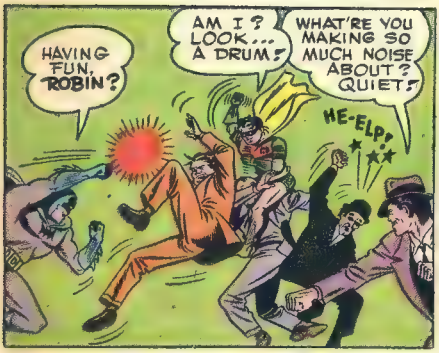

AND DOWN BELOW, IN HUSH-HUSH'S SOUND PROOF ROOM, HIS GUNSELS PREPARE TO CUT LOOSE WITH LEAD: THERE IS A SUDDEN CRASH— OF GUNFIRE?
CRASH!
BATMAN! ALIVE!
OBSERVANT, AREN'T YOU?

SOMEBODY BLAST THAT GUY!


AND THEN...?!
HEY... GLUG... GLUG...
GLUG... GLUG...
SUCH ENLIGHTENING DIALOGUE!

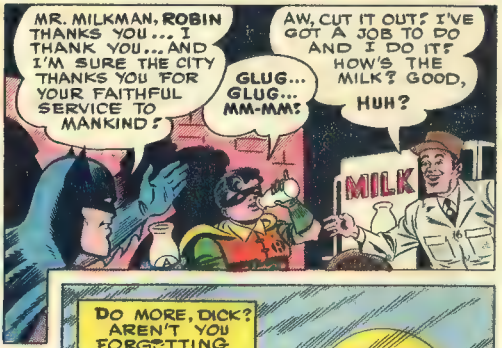
WHAT GOES ON? LOOKS LIKE A COMMUNITY BATH!
AND IT ISN'T EVEN SATURDAY NIGHT!
GLUG... HALP!.. TURN IT OFF!.. GLUG!..


TURN IT OFF! OF COURSE WE'LL TURN OFF THE WATER...
...BUT NOW WE'LL TURN ON THE HEAT!
OHH!

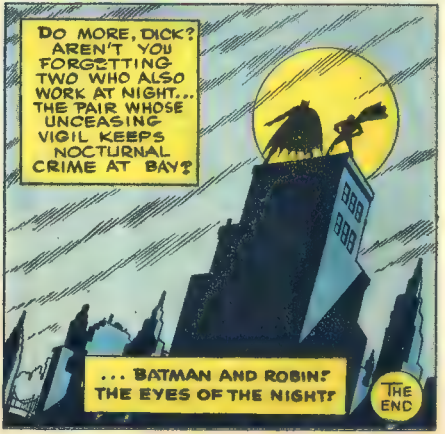

HAVING FUN, ROBIN?
AM I? LOOK... A DRUM!
WHAT'RE YOU MAKING SO MUCH NOISE ABOUT? QUIET!
HE-ELP!

AND AFTER A SHORT, BUT VERY SWEET, BATTLE...
I'VE GOT THE MONEY! NOW I CAN RETURN IT AND CALL MY GIRL, ANN! SHE MUST BE WORRIED ABOUT...
SHH-HH! QUIET! HUSH—HUSH IS SLEEPING!

AND SO... SOMETIME LATER ...WHILE DARKENED WINDOWS SEEM LIKE COUNTLESS SLEEPING EYES, BATMAN AND ROBIN PAD HOMEWARD..
GOLLY, THAT WORKOUT MADE ME WORK UP AN APPETITE! I'M HUNGRY!
HUNGRY? I'LL FIX THAT!


MR. MILKMAN, ROBIN THANKS YOU... I THANK YOU... AND I'M SURE THE CITY THANKS YOU FOR YOUR FAITHFUL SERVICE TO MANKIND!
GLUG... GLUG... MM-MM!
AW, CUT IT OUT! I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO AND I DO IT! HOW'S THE MILK? GOOD, HUH?
MILK

LATER... HOME, AND WARM, COMFORTABLE BEDS...
WELL, DICK, YOU'VE MET A PART OF OUR GREAT ARMY OF NIGHT WORKERS WHO WATCH OVER US WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS! GREAT PEOPLE, AREN'T THEY?
AND HOW! GOLLY, THEY'RE SORT OF LIKE GUARDIAN ANGELS! MAKES ME WISH WE COULD DO MORE!
12


DO MORE, DICK? AREN'T YOU FORGETTING TWO WHO ALSO WORK AT NIGHT... THE PAIR WHOSE UNCEASING VIGIL KEEPS NOCTURNAL CRIME AT BAY?
... BATMAN AND ROBIN! THE EYES OF THE NIGHT!
THE END

Hey, Look!

WE GOT THESE SWELL U.S. NAVY CRAFT HOT-IRON TRANSFERS AS PRIZES IN KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT!

Hot-iron transfers of aircraft carriers, battleships, destroyers, ducks, PT boats and other Navy Craft, yours as PRIZES. One in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat! Nothing to mail or send in.

NOW you can fix your sweat shirt, jacket, swim suit or gym shirt so that it's the envy of the whole neighborhood! You can cover it with swell pictures of alligators, submarines, cruisers—*in action!*

Wear a real snazzy sport shirt!

All you need are these different-colored hot-iron transfers—you can easily imprint them on any article of clothing with a hot iron. That's all! The pictures come off clean and sharp. They're long-lasting; won't wash away in soap and water.

You can select one as the secret emblem of your club and have every member of the gang wear it on his sport shirt. Or you can cover *your* sport shirt with different U. S. Navy Craft.

Get 'em as a PRIZE!

And just think—you don't have to send in a thing to get these prizes. There's one in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat. And, of course, it's no trouble at all to go through a package of *Kellogg's* Shredded Wheat *fast*. The whole *family* will love these crunchy toasted biscuits the way *Kellogg's* makes 'em. And they're as good *for* you as they are good to eat! So, get your package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat today—and start your Navy Craft collection today!

LOOK! Free Gifts AND WAR SAVING STAMPS

Best of All! WAR SAVING STAMPS A 10c War Savings Stamp for every fifty Genuine Bags

FOR Popsicle* Fudgicle* CREAMSICLE* Bags and other bags reading "Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp.", and "Save these bags for Gifts"

*TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

OVER ½ MILLION PRIZES - FREE!

If any prize you select is not available, we will send you a 10c War Savings Stamp for every fifty Genuine Bags. This offer effective until April 1st, 1946, but is void and not extended in any State or locality where redemption or issuance thereof is prohibited, or where any tax, license or other restriction is imposed.

Enjoy these swell Frozen Confections On-A-Stick — get these prizes! Save Bags, Pick your Prize. Ask your postman how to mail your bags and letter — address nearest Service Department listed below. Easy, isn't it?

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No. 145 Code-O-Graph — Junior Secret Service Kit — Invisible Ink and Developer — Alphabet code chart.
No. 143 Swirl-A-Top — New, Different Wood holder — String spinner.
No. 158 Jewelry Clip — Openwork metal reproduction of Old Masterpieces.
No. 127 Battle Set — each makes 12 boats, tanks, planes, field guns, etc.
No. 130 Buckle Bracelet — Gold-Color Metal — Baked enamel — adjustable.

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No. 152 Air Pressure Cataplane — Loops — Dives — Glides — Spins — Turns.
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No. 154 Shoe Shine Kit — Grown-up size — Get one — Sell shines — Make Money.
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Many More Gifts!

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Acceptable toward the redemption of any premium listed above. Only one coupon may be used for any one premium. Valid until April 1st, 1946.

THE POINTED PISTOL

by Jesse Merlan

SURE I always carry a gun. That small caliber pistol, there on your desk. I have to, I need that gun. And I always keep it full, loaded with six shells, too. Ready to shoot any time."

The two detectives at the police station looked at each other over the big square desk in the back room. The room where they sometimes had to question the gunmen that the city's drag-net brought in, where they argued with the tough and silent and desperate wanderers of the night. But this man they were questioning now was a queer one. He was willing to talk. Even eager to spill any info they wanted. One detective shrugged at the other, held his palms open in a surprised gesture of resignation.

"We won't have to work to sweat any story out of this pistol-toter, Lieutenant. He's going to talk long and fast even before we pop the questions."

"Listen, please listen. I know you two coppers don't understand. I know it's a little strange for a man to lug a gun around all the time, and then admit it when the police pick him up. But there's been so much excitement since you brought in Slip Dolan that no one's even heard my side of the story. Or asked why I tried to grab my gun away from Dolan while he was shooting at me."

The man's face was wrinkled with anxiety, his fat cheeks and shining bald head glistening with drops of sweat. He didn't look like a torpedo, a hired killer who packed a rod. He was big and plump and might have passed for a salesman or somebody's kind and middle-aged uncle. But he had admitted carrying around a pistol that Slip Dolan had used in his last gun fight. So the two detectives settled down to listen to a confession. They wouldn't believe anything until it was proved. With facts.

"I can see you're all set to pin a five-year sentence on me. For illegal possession of firearms. But I can explain about that gun. If you'll only look and see that . . .

One detective's voice cut like a knife across the man's pleading. "No sob stuff now. Begin at the begining. Or even further back than that. How did you meet Slip Dolan? How come he used your gun? Give. And talk straight and fast and true. Or else." He swung a pair of gleaming handcuffs meaningly.

Their prisoner gulped a big mouthful of air. He almost looked like some scared and pop-eyed frog. And just as green with fear, too. But he talked.

"Well, have it your way. Here goes. Yes, I loaded that gun back in my room, slipped an extra box of shells into my pocket and started downtown to do a little job." The two detectives grinned at each other. Getting this confesion was going to be a cinch.

"Tonight, less than an hour ago, at 169th Street, I took the subway going downtown. Maybe I should have started sooner because there was an awful crowd. Rush hour. And I never like people to bump up against me when I'm carrying that gun in my coat pocket. Guess I was nervous. Kept thinking that maybe I shouldn't have loaded it with shells before I was ready to use it.

"So every once in a while I kept opening my coat and making sure that the gun had the safety catch on. So it wouldn't go off and startle anyone. But it was too crowded in that subway car. And once when I shifted the pistol in my pocket, I was sure the man next to me had seen the gun.

"Funny about that fellow. His eyes met mine for just a second after he'd spotted my gun. It was like looking at a blazing cake of ice. His eyes were hot with greed and cold with cruelty. Made me shiver. I didn't know then he was Slip Dolan, racketeer and mob boss and a man with a price on his head. I just knew that I didn't like his eyes, or the grinning wolf-smile he flashed at me.

"Then he began to crush even closer to me. Working his thin mouth closer to my ear, putting one arm around my waist. From the first second he touched me I knew he was after that gun.

"When our train stopped at the next station, I was almost tempted to run out. But somehow I couldn't. Maybe I was scared, or curious, or both. Anyhow, I had to know what this stranger wanted. I didn't have to wait long.

"He put his lips almost against my ear. You know how people get packed in a subway car. And then he began to whisper. His hoarse voice went unheard under the roar and rumble of the subway cars. But I heard enough to know I was in a tough spot.

" 'Hiya, pal,' was what he said. 'Slip me that rod you're packing. Fast. And you can have this century note I've got folded in my palm.'

"I knew there was something wrong. This man wanting to pay me $100 for my gun. Sure, I was scared and suspicious and maybe trembled a little. But I raised my voice loud enough for him to hear my answer.

" 'Nobody gets this gun,' I said. 'I need it, and I'm keeping it.'

"The man you detectives call Slip Dolan, his eyes got narrow-

er and harder and his whisper grew louder, more menacing. 'Slip me that gat, or I'll rip it out of your pocket. And maybe I won't give you no hundred for it. Don't get wise with me, you punk. I'm a big-timer, see? But I need a gun. Bad. And if you start anything, you'll only be giving yourself away, too. You can't afford that, I can tell from the way you're sweating about lugging a hot gat. Maybe the police want you.'

"I tried to move away from his weight crushing against me, from Slip Dolan's hand reaching into my pocket. But I couldn't. Before I squirmed away from him, he'd ripped my pocket open and grabbed my gun.

"I guess he figured I wouldn't make a fuss, raise any alarm that would bring the cops. But I struggled, snatched at the gun. That's what started the real action.

"Slip Dolan flashed my own gun in my face. Snarled at me as the subway train screeched and slid to a station stop. 'Okay! You asked for it. It won't be the first time I shot my way out of a crowd.'

"I'd thought I was jammed inside that train. But when the people around us got a glimpse of that shining gun, they seemed to melt into each other. Till there was an open circle around Slip Dolan and myself. No one screamed and there was no place to run to. The crowd simply shrunk into itself in terror. And there was Dolan with that pistol pointed at my heart.

"Just then the car doors opened, and Dolan was set for a quick dash out. There was only one thing I could do. So I did it.

"I moved toward Slip Dolan with two slow steps. He didn't believe I'd have enough courage to take those steps. But I didn't know then that he was a wanted killer, a mob boss. I just knew I had to get my gun back.

"Dolan yelled at me. 'Back, you fool. I'll shoot you down.' I took another step. Forward, not back. No, I wasn't brave, I just had to get my pistol. Then Dolan started shooting. Once twice, three times. Then two shots in quick succession. I felt the hot blasts strike me. The red spurts from the gun blinded my eyes, their thunder deafened me. But I kept moving. On toward Dolan.

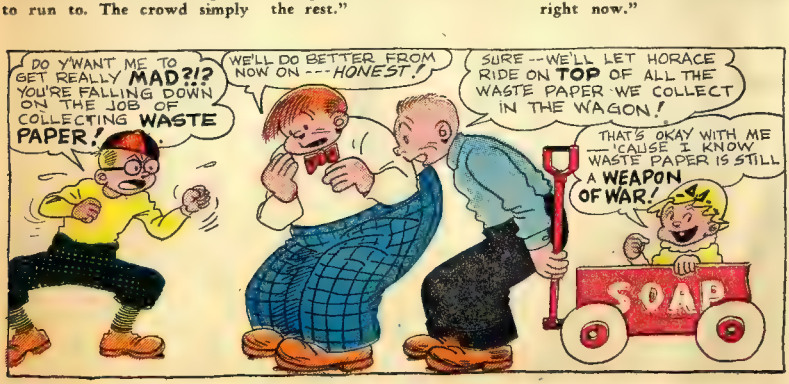
"By now, Dolan's face was twisted with fear and horror. I should have dropped, five slugs in my chest. But I reached up and made a pass at his gun hand. I closed my eyes and swung with my fists. I hit a subway post, and I missed a few times. But I also connected with Dolan's chin before the subway guards rushed in the open doors. They fell on Dolan and me, called the cops, and brought us here. . . . You know the rest."

The detectives sighed together. With weariness and disgust. This fellow was some liar. "So Dolan shot you five times, eh? And you're still alive, still talking? You don't have any magic steel vest. And how could . . ."

The fat man's face relaxed, beamed with understanding. His eyes lost their worried look, instead they started to twinkle merrily. So that was it? The police didn't know, hadn't realized that . . . His voice exploded with relief, the words of explanation tumbling eagerly over each other. Telling the real truth at last.

"So that's why you didn't believe me. You don't know who I am. No wonder you arrested me. Probably think I'm some petty gangster. But I'm 'Race' McNeil. That's why that gun didn't hurt me. It couldn't. You see, my special work is official starter for all the fast races at the sports garden. You know, on your marks, set . . . and bang! That's why I carry that gun. Loaded with blanks. See, Dolan's shots just singed my coat, didn't really hurt me. That gun looks deadly, but it's never had a real bullet in it. And I've got a permit to carry and shoot blanks.

"And when you get through looking surprised, maybe you two detectives will hand me back my gun. I'm late for the start of the 100-yard dash right now."


DO Y'WANT ME TO GET REALLY MAD?!? YOU'RE FALLING DOWN ON THE JOB OF COLLECTING WASTE PAPER!
WE'LL DO BETTER FROM NOW ON --- HONEST!
SURE --WE'LL LET HORACE RIDE ON TOP OF ALL THE WASTE PAPER WE COLLECT IN THE WAGON!
THAT'S OKAY WITH ME --'CAUSE I KNOW WASTE PAPER IS STILL A WEAPON OF WAR!
SOAP

The Adventures of ALFRED

CAN ONE PERSON IMPERSONATE ANOTHER WITHOUT THE AID OF DISGUISE? ASK ALFRED—HE OUGHT TO KNOW... AFTER HIS STELLAR PERFORMANCE AS...

"ALIAS THE BARON!"

AT THE RAILROAD STATION, A SINISTER WELCOMING COMMITTEE SCANS THE CROWD...

MOOCH, HOW WE GONNA RECOGNIZE DA BARON? WE AIN'T GOT NO PITCHER OF DA GUY!

WE DON'T NEED NO PITCHER! HE'S ON DA HUB CITY TRAIN... HE DRESSES FANCY, AN' TALKS WID AN ENGLISH ACCENT! DAT'S ENOUGH FER US!

ONCE WE SPOT HIM, WE WON'T HAVE NO TROUBLE! WE'LL TAKE HIM FER A RIDE AND GET RID OF HIM... DA DOITY DOUBLE-CROSSER!

YEAH, ANYBODY WHAT'D TRY TA PUT ONE OVER ON AN OLD ROCKET DON'T DESOIVE NO BETTER!

DAT'S WHAT I SAY! ED CASES DA JOINT, PLANS EVERYTHING... AND DEN, WHEN DA BARON PULLS DA JOB, HE TRIES TA GET AWAY WIDOUT DIVVYING UP!

LUCKY FER ED HE'S GOT FRIENDS! HE COULDN'T GET AWAY FROM HUB CITY TO FOLLOW THE BARON... BUT WE'LL DO THE JOB FOR HIM!

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE GREAT STATION...

SO LONG, ALFRED! DON'T GET IN TO TROUBLE WHILE WE'RE AWAY!

NEVER FEAR, MAWSTER DICK! I INTEND TO STAY AT HOME WITH A GOOD BOOK!

THAT IS, IF I EVER REACH HOME! IT'S DIFFICULT WORK PUSHING THROUGH THIS MOB!

I HAVEN'T PERSPIRED SO IN AGES! I MUST MOP MY BROW!
CAREFUL, ALFRED, THAT'S NOT YOUR POCKET!
WHEW! I FEEL SO COMPLETELY WILTED!
ER, EXCUSE ME, MADAM!
HEY! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE HITTING, YOU ROUGHNECK?
I MOST HUMBLY APOLOGIZE! BY JOVE, MADAM, I HAD NO INTENTION, I ASSURE YOU, OF STRIKING YOU!
LOOK, MOOCH, DERE'S OUR CUSTOMER!
TRYIN' TA SNEAK OUT DA SIDE WAY, HUH? COME ON, BOYS!
OKAY, BARON, COME ALONG!
ER, I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
YEAH? LEAD SLUGS TALK A LANGUAGE ANYBODY KIN INTOIPRET! GET MOVIN'!
IT'S HIM, BOSS! DIS WALLET'S NOT ONLY GOT DA DOUGH... DERE'S DA PLANS ED DREW UP FER PULLIN' DA JOB! AND DA NAMES OF ED'S MOB... AND OURS TOO!
BUT I ASSURE YOU, THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!
YOU'RE DA ONE DAT MADE IT, CHUM, T'INKIN' DAT ED WOULD LET YA GET AWAY! BUT IT'S YOUR LAST ONE...
YEAH, DEAD MEN DON'T NEVER MAKE MISTAKES!
2

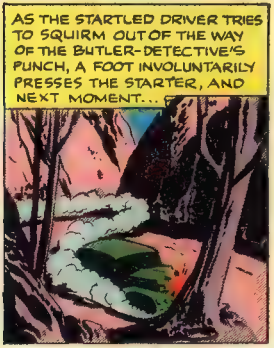
HOWEVER, AS THE WELCOMING PARTY PREPARES TO DEPART WITH ITS UNWILLING GUEST...
I WONDER IF ED'S PAL, MOOCH, IS LOOKING FOR ME! TOO BAD THEY DON'T KNOW MY BARON GETUP WAS AS PHONEY AS MY ENGLISH ACCENT!
HOWEVER, THAT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T LIVE LIKE A LORD ON THE MONEY...
HUH..? THE MONEY'S GONE!
THERE'S MOOCH NOW! SOMEHOW HE MUST HAVE RECOGNIZED ME AFTER ALL!
BUT IF HE THINKS HE CAN GET AWAY WITH THE MONEY HE'S STOLEN FROM ME, HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!
PRESENTLY, AS THE CAR DRAWS TO A SINISTER STOP...
COME ON, BOYS, LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.
WE'LL LOIN DA BARON DAT HE AIN'T SMART ENOUGH TA PULL ANY FAST ONES ON US!

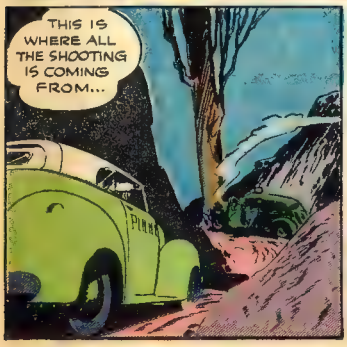
YEP, DA JIG'S UP, BARON! WE BROUGHT YA OUT HERE BECAUSE IT'S DA BEST PLACE TA PUT YA ON DA SPOT...
THEY KNEW ABOUT MY BEING WITH THEM ALL ALONG! THEY LURED ME INTO A TRAP!

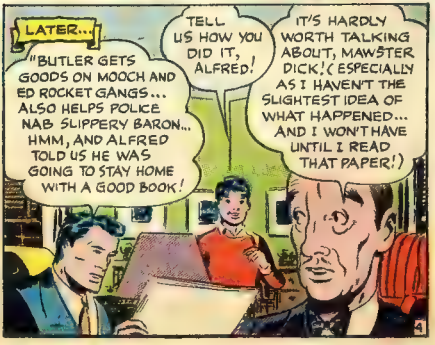
WELL, IF I GO, I'LL TAKE SOME OF THEM WITH ME...TAKE THAT, YOU RATS!
YIII..
BANG

THEY'RE FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES! THIS IS THE CHAWNCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

TAKE THAT, YOU... OH, OH, I ALMOST MISSED...
HEY..!


AS THE STARTLED DRIVER TRIES TO SQUIRM OUT OF THE WAY OF THE BUTLER-DETECTIVE'S PUNCH, A FOOT INVOLUNTARILY PRESSES THE STARTER, AND NEXT MOMENT...


THIS IS WHERE ALL THE SHOOTING IS COMING FROM...


LATER...
"BUTLER GETS GOODS ON MOOCH AND ED ROCKET GANGS... ALSO HELPS POLICE NAB SLIPPERY BARON... HMM, AND ALFRED TOLD US HE WAS GOING TO STAY HOME WITH A GOOD BOOK!
TELL US HOW YOU DID IT, ALFRED!
IT'S HARDLY WORTH TALKING ABOUT, MAWSTER DICK! (ESPECIALLY AS I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA OF WHAT HAPPENED... AND I WON'T HAVE UNTIL I READ THAT PAPER!)

WHAT MAKES A CHAMPION?

Make-up of most champions includes. (1) *Smart coaching*, (2) *Good training*, (3) *Natural ability*, (4) *Hard work*, (5) *Will-to-win*. Greater natural ability is an advantage, but that's all. The will-to-win is in your heart. On items (1) and (2) here's some help.

1. SMART COACHING . .

Now! You can get expert coaching from world famous sports authorities—in Wheaties new Library of Sports manuals. Each book contains 32 pointer-packed pages. Jammed with straight-from-the-shoulder advice that has paid off in championships. Loaded with action pictures that show exactly *how to play your game the champion way*

Pick your coach from the Wheaties champion-making, champion-winning staff. Choose the books you need from this all-star line-up.

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2. WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION? *by* Lew Fonseca
3. WANT TO BE A BASKETBALL CHAMPION? (Boys) *by* Carl Nordly and Dave MacMillan
4. WANT TO BE A SWIMMING CHAMPION? *by* Matt Mann
5. WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION? (Boys) *by* Gene Sarazen
6. WANT TO BE A TENNIS CHAMPION? (Girls) *by* Alice Marble
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8. WANT TO BE A BOWLING CHAMPION? *by* Ned Day
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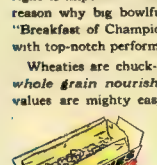
11. WANT TO BE A TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPION? (Track Events) *by* Leo Johnson
12. WANT TO BE A TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPION? (Field Events) *by* Tom Jones
13. WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION? (Girls) *by* Patty Berg
14. WANT TO BE A HOME AND NEIGHBORHOOD GAMES CHAMPION? *by* Carl Nordly

2. GOOD TRAINING . . .

All basic training programs stress proper sleep, cleanliness, conditioning exercise—and nutritious diet. Eating right is important business for any athlete. That's one reason why big bowlfuls of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions" are a training table favorite with top-notch performers in all sports.

Wheaties are chuck-full of *widely known essential whole grain nourishment*. And Wheaties' rich food values are mighty easy to take—in big, crisp-toasted, malt-flavored flakes. Smart training—*delicious eating*—in milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions."



"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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I WANT TO BE A CHAMPION!

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Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
Please send me the Library of Sports books I have circled below. I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and 10c for each set of TWO books.

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Name _____
(Please print plainly)

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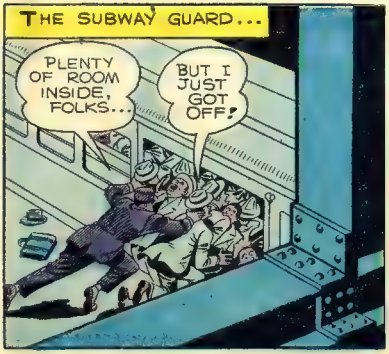
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

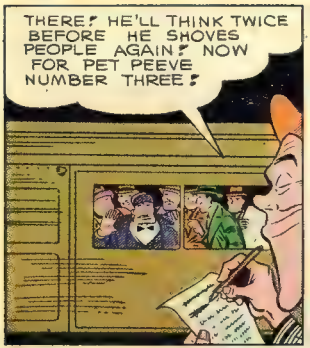
BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -
INTRODUCING IN THIS ISSUE THAT AMAZING MAN WHO IS NEVER DOWN IN THE MOUTH...THAT ORIGINAL INDIVIDUAL WHO WAS VACCINATED WITH A PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE...THAT HUMAN WALKIE—TALKIE—
ALLY BABBLE!
ALSO INVOLVED ARE HOIMAN AND SHOIMAN, PLUS SOME VERY IRATE PEOPLE, AMONG THE LATTER BEING BATMAN AND ROBIN!
AFTER THAT INTRODUCTION HE'D BETTER BE GOOD! HERE HE IS...
"Ally Babble and the FOURTEEN PEEVES!"
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
BOB KANE

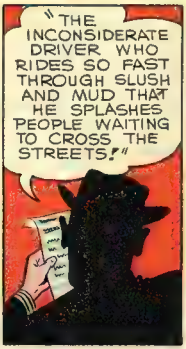
A MAN IN MORTAL TERROR! RUNNING FROM A KILLER, NO DOUBT!
HE'S AFTER ME! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!
ODD! HIS PURSUER SEEMS TO CARRY NO WEAPON!
NO! NO! KEEP AWAY! I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE!
BUT, JOE, I ONLY WANTED TO TELL YOU WHAT PETE SAID WHEN MIKE SAW HIM AND BILL, AND HOW ... ETC... ETC...
BLAH
BLAH
DID YOU EVER HEAR ANYBODY TALK SO MUCH?
AND THEN HE SAID ...(BLAB, BLAB, BLAB) ... AND...
GEE, IF I COULD GAB LIKE THAT, MY TEACHER WOULD BE AFRAID TO ASK ME QUESTIONS!
I'LL BET HE OILS HIS TONGUE EVERY FIFTY MILES!
BLAH
BLAH
IMPERTINENT IMPS! I DON'T TALK MUCH,... I'M JUST ENTHUSIASTIC, THAT'S ALL...
OUCH!
POW!
A COWARD! HIT ME WHEN I WASN'T LOOKING! I'LL MANGLE HIM... I'LL ETC... ETC...
AH! MY BOOK! THANK YOU! WHEN I GET MAD I THROW THINGS! IT'S THAT TAP DANCER UPSTAIRS... BANGS OVER MY HEAD ALL DAY AND NIGHT...
TAP TAP TAP
...AND EVER SINCE MY ILLNESS, I CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO STOP HIM!
PARALYZED! POOR OLD DUFFER, I'LL DO MY GOOD DEED FOR TODAY!
MISTER, YOU JUST LEAVE THAT TAPPING TOMATO TO ME! ALLY BABBLE, THE FIXER, THAT'S ME... ETC... ETC...

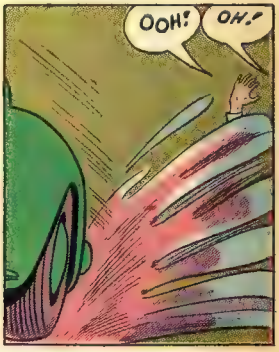
A MOMENT LATER...
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
IT'S EVEN WORSE NOW! HE'S STOMPING LIKE AN ELEPHANT!
ALLY BABBLE RETURNS...
HE'S STOPPED NOW, BUT HE CERTAINLY WAS THUMPING THAT FLOOR FOR A WHILE WITH HIS BIG FEET!
THAT WASN'T HIS FEET! THAT WAS HIS HEAD! GET IT? HEE HAW!
MR. BABBLE, I SEE YOU KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THINGS! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS?
...Y'SEE, I...I...
WHAT?
WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY TO STOP HIS GAB!
I'M A RICH MAN! THERE ARE FOURTEEN THINGS I'M SORE ABOUT— NO, THIRTEEN, NOW THAT THE DANCER IS TAKEN CARE OF! THIRTEEN PET PEEVES! I'LL PAY ANYBODY WELL WHO CAN HANDLE THEM TO MY SATISFACTION — FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
IT'S A SETUP... A CINCH! JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME! YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED! I—
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
MR. BABBLE, I BELIEVE YOU! SAY NO MORE! TAKE THIS LIST AND GO... PLEASE GO! MY EARS!
OKAY... I CAN TAKE A HINT!
PET PEEVE 1, THE DANCER! WELL, HE'S TAKEN CARE OF! PET PEEVE 2—"THE SUBWAY GUARD ON THE UMPTEENTH STREET STATION WHO SHOVES PEOPLE INTO SUBWAY TRAINS!" HM-MMM!

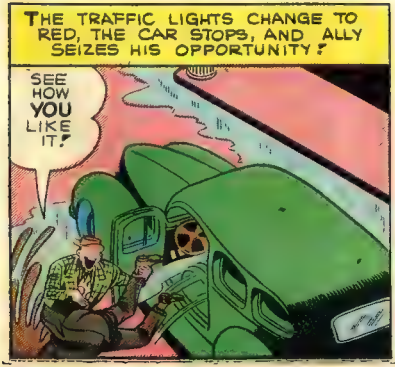

THE SUBWAY GUARD...
PLENTY OF ROOM INSIDE, FOLKS...
BUT I JUST GOT OFF!

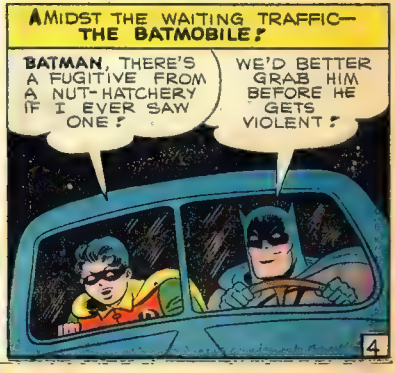
ULP!

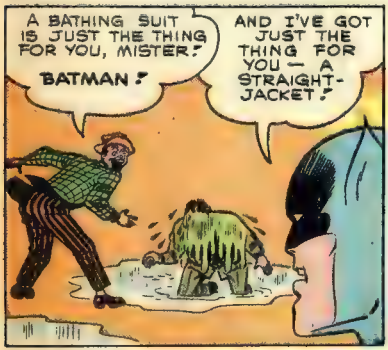

THERE! HE'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE HE SHOVES PEOPLE AGAIN! NOW FOR PET PEEVE NUMBER THREE!

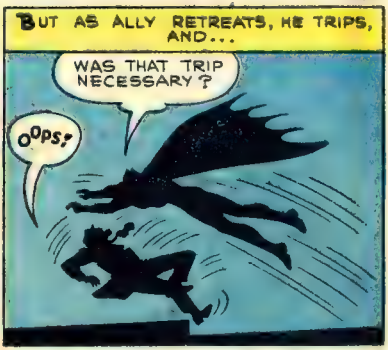

"THE INCONSIDERATE DRIVER WHO RIDES SO FAST THROUGH SLUSH AND MUD THAT HE SPLASHES PEOPLE WAITING TO CROSS THE STREETS!"

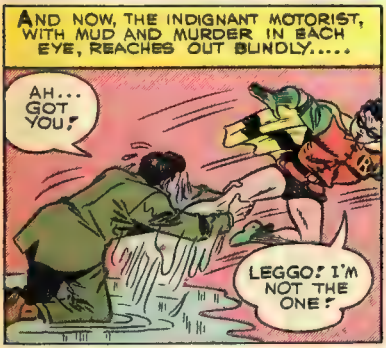

OOH!
OH!

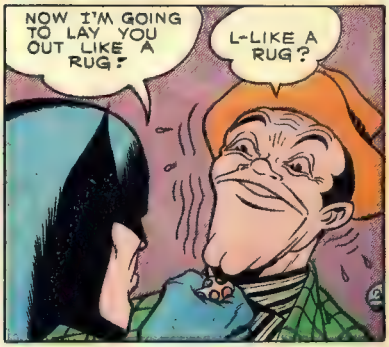

THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS CHANGE TO RED, THE CAR STOPS, AND ALLY SEIZES HIS OPPORTUNITY!
SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT!

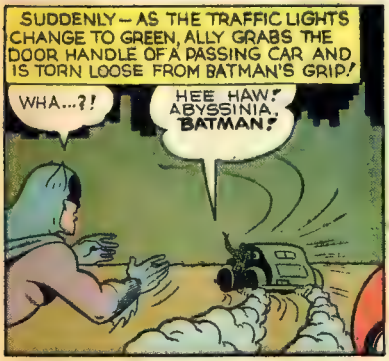

AMIDST THE WAITING TRAFFIC— THE BATMOBILE!
BATMAN, THERE'S A FUGITIVE FROM A NUT-HATCHERY IF I EVER SAW ONE!
WE'D BETTER GRAB HIM BEFORE HE GETS VIOLENT!

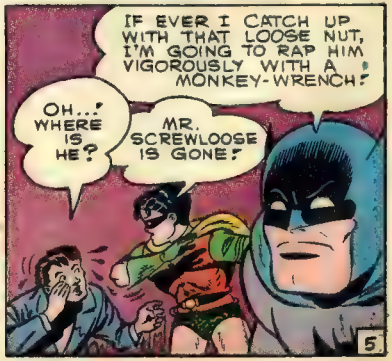

A BATHING SUIT IS JUST THE THING FOR YOU, MISTER!
BATMAN!
AND I'VE GOT JUST THE THING FOR YOU — A STRAIGHT-JACKET!


BUT AS ALLY RETREATS, HE TRIPS, AND...
WAS THAT TRIP NECESSARY?
OOPS!


AND NOW, THE INDIGNANT MOTORIST, WITH MUD AND MURDER IN EACH EYE, REACHES OUT BLINDLY.....
AH... GOT YOU!
LEGGO! I'M NOT THE ONE!

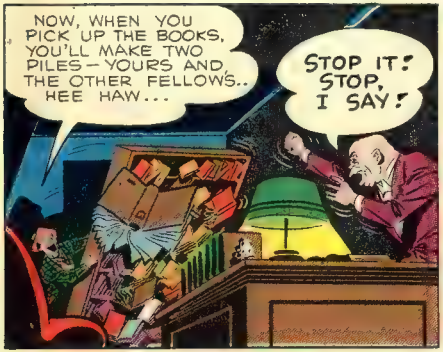

NOW I'M GOING TO LAY YOU OUT LIKE A RUG!
L-LIKE A RUG?


SUDDENLY — AS THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS CHANGE TO GREEN, ALLY GRABS THE DOOR HANDLE OF A PASSING CAR AND IS TORN LOOSE FROM BATMAN'S GRIP!
WHA...?!
HEE HAW! ABYSSINIA, BATMAN!

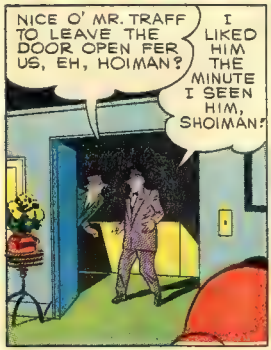

IF EVER I CATCH UP WITH THAT LOOSE NUT, I'M GOING TO RAP HIM VIGOROUSLY WITH A MONKEY-WRENCH!
OH...! WHERE IS HE?
MR. SCREWLOOSE IS GONE!

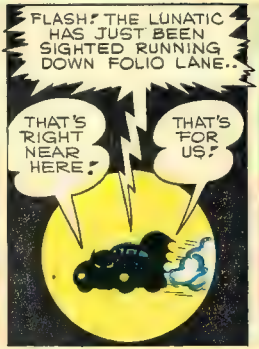
HMM-M? LESSEE.. WHO'S NUMBER FOUR ON THE HATE PARADE..??
HAH!
EVERYBODY'S PET MOVIE PEST? THE GIRLIE WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP?
FEATHERS TICKLE ME!
SNIP
EEEK!
NEXT..?
ARE OO BILKY BOY'S ITTY BITTY SUGER CUP? DOES OO WUVE ER SWEETIE PIE?
"NUMBER FIVE! THE PEST WHO HOGS A TELEPHONE BOOTH FOR HOURS!"
IS THAT MAN GOING TO LIVE IN THERE?
HE IS NOW? HEE HAW!
HALP! LEMME OUT!
AH? GOOD!
CALLING ALL CARS! BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A LUNATIC! HAS ALREADY ATTACKED A SUBWAY GUARD, DAMAGED A MOVIEGOER'S HAT, NAILED A MAN INSIDE A TELEPHONE BOOTH...
HE GETS AROUND, DOESN'T HE?
AND AMONG OTHER INTERESTED LISTENERS..
DESCRIPTION OF THIS MAN IS AS FOLLOWS... HE WEARS LOUD CHECKSUIT...
A NIT-WIT, SHOIMAN!
A DAFFYDILL, HOIMAN!
GUN OIL

MEANTIME, UNAWARE OF THE POLICE ALARMS, ALLY BABBLE SKIPS ALONG...
"NUMBER 6... THE BARBER WHO CUTS YOUR HAIR THE WAY HE WANTS TO- LIKE THE BARBER ON MY STREET CORNER!"
TWO MINUTES LATER...
RUN A CLIPPER THROUGH MY HAIR, WILL YOU! COME BACK, COWARD! I WANT TO GIVE YOU A SHAVE... FOR FREE!
OH-OH! LOOK WHO CAME OUT OF THE HOUSE ALLY JUST SCOOTED' PAST...
THE GUY DROPPED IT, HOIMAN!
CATCH THIS, SHOIMAN! "PET PEEVES OF JASPER QUINCH. THE TAP DANCER OVER MY HEAD... ETC... ETC..."
ALLY RETURNS... JUST AS HOIMAN AND SHOIMAN HAVE FINISHED THEIR LITERATURE FOR THE DAY....
THAT'S MINE! THANKS!
...CHECKED SUIT...
'N HE JUST CLIPPED THE BARBER! IT'S HIM! THE LOONY-TICK!
YOU GOT THE SCORE, HOIMAN? HE'S KNOCKING OUT THEM PET PEEVES ONE BY ONE!
SURE SHOIMAN, SO I T'INK WE SHOULD OUGHTA TAIL HIM AND WOIK A WAY TO WRANGLE US SOME WAMPUM!
"PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER 7... THE PERSON WHO BORROWS BOOKS AND NEVER RETURNS THEM! THOMAS TRAFF... 14 FOLIO LANE..."
ALLY ENTERS...
YES, WHAT IS IT, MR. BABBLE! I'M A BUSY MAN!
ZAT SO..?

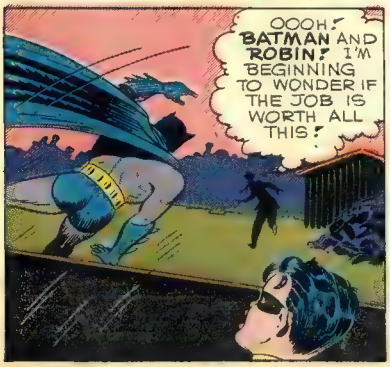

NOW, WHEN YOU PICK UP THE BOOKS, YOU'LL MAKE TWO PILES — YOURS AND THE OTHER FELLOWS.. HEE HAW...
STOP IT! STOP, I SAY!

POLICE! STOP THAT MAN!
HEE HAW!

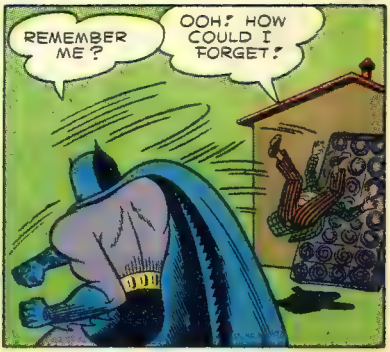

NICE O' MR. TRAFF TO LEAVE THE DOOR OPEN FER US, EH, HOIMAN?
I LIKED HIM THE MINUTE I SEEN HIM, SHOIMAN!


FLASH! THE LUNATIC HAS JUST BEEN SIGHTED RUNNING DOWN FOLIO LANE..
THAT'S RIGHT NEAR HERE!
THAT'S FOR US!

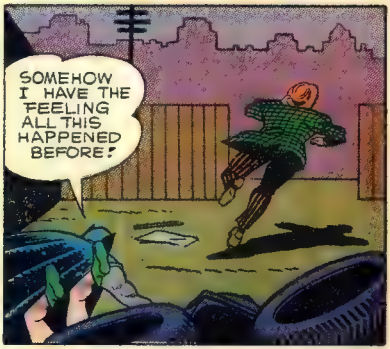
THERE HE IS!
JUNK YARD

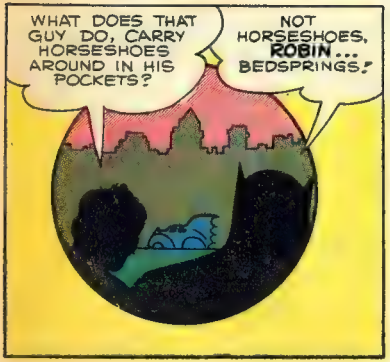

OOOH! BATMAN AND ROBIN! I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF THE JOB IS WORTH ALL THIS!

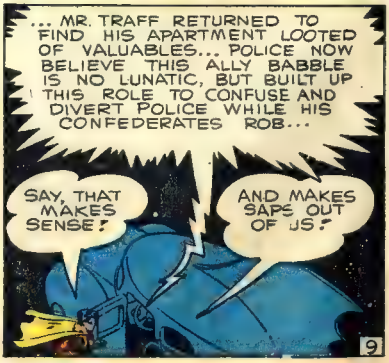
I'M SURROUNDED!

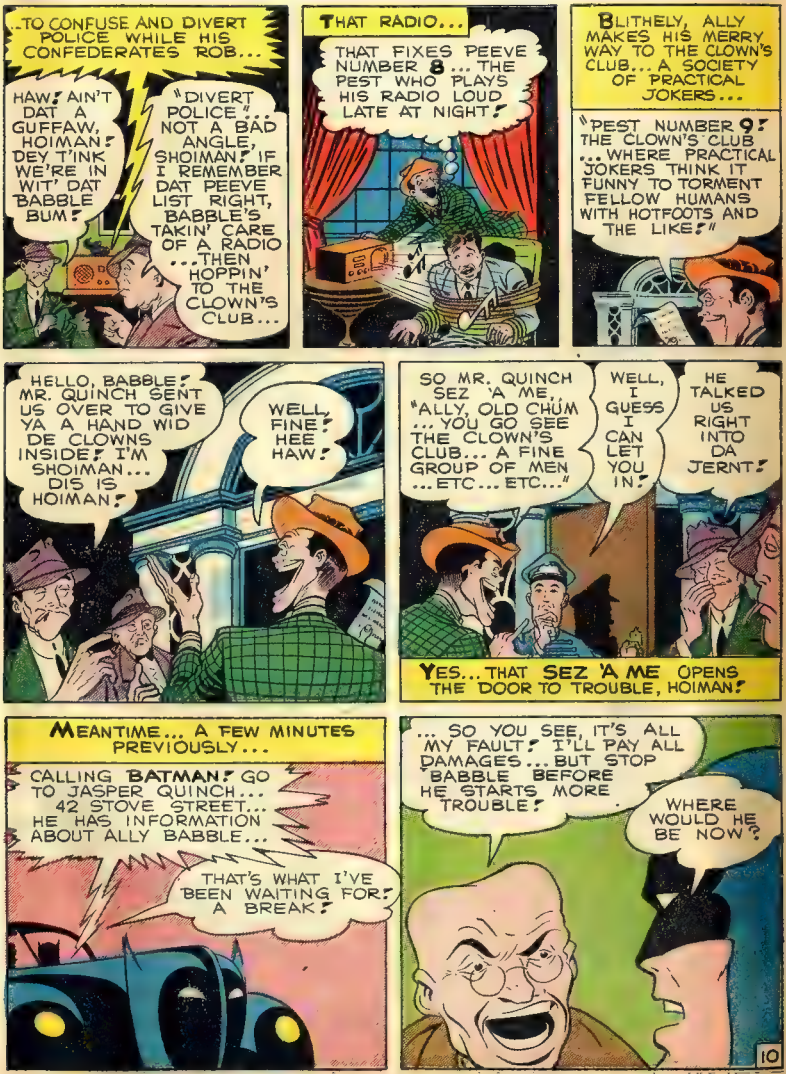

REMEMBER ME?
OOH! HOW COULD I FORGET!

OOH!
OOF!
NN-NN-NN!


SOMEHOW I HAVE THE FEELING ALL THIS HAPPENED BEFORE!


WHAT DOES THAT GUY DO, CARRY HORSESHOES AROUND IN HIS POCKETS?
NOT HORSESHOES, ROBIN... BEDSPRINGS!

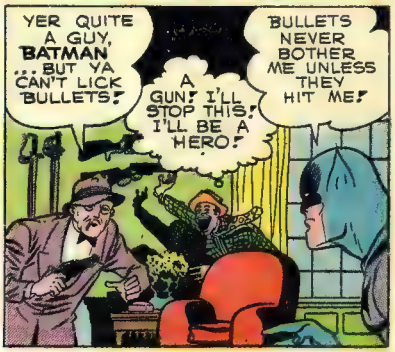

... MR. TRAFF RETURNED TO FIND HIS APARTMENT LOOTED OF VALUABLES... POLICE NOW BELIEVE THIS ALLY BABBLE IS NO LUNATIC, BUT BUILT UP THIS ROLE TO CONFUSE AND DIVERT POLICE WHILE HIS CONFEDERATES ROB...
SAY, THAT MAKES SENSE!
AND MAKES SAPS OUT OF US!


..TO CONFUSE AND DIVERT POLICE WHILE HIS CONFEDERATES ROB...
HAW! AIN'T DAT A GUFFAW, HOIMAN! DEY T'INK WE'RE IN WIT' DAT BABBLE BUM!
"DIVERT POLICE"... NOT A BAD ANGLE, SHOIMAN! IF I REMEMBER DAT PEEVE LIST RIGHT, BABBLE'S TAKIN' CARE OF A RADIO ...THEN HOPPIN' TO THE CLOWN'S CLUB...
THAT RADIO...
THAT FIXES PEEVE NUMBER 8... THE PEST WHO PLAYS HIS RADIO LOUD LATE AT NIGHT!
BLITHELY, ALLY MAKES HIS MERRY WAY TO THE CLOWN'S CLUB... A SOCIETY OF PRACTICAL JOKERS...
"PEST NUMBER 9! THE CLOWN'S CLUB ...WHERE PRACTICAL JOKERS THINK IT FUNNY TO TORMENT FELLOW HUMANS WITH HOTFOOTS AND THE LIKE!"
HELLO, BABBLE! MR. QUINCH SENT US OVER TO GIVE YA A HAND WID DE CLOWNS INSIDE! I'M SHOIMAN... DIS IS HOIMAN!
WELL, FINE! HEE HAW!
SO MR. QUINCH SEZ 'A ME, "ALLY, OLD CHUM ...YOU GO SEE THE CLOWN'S CLUB... A FINE GROUP OF MEN ...ETC... ETC..."
WELL, I GUESS I CAN LET YOU IN!
HE TALKED US RIGHT INTO DA JERNT!
YES... THAT SEZ 'A ME OPENS THE DOOR TO TROUBLE, HOIMAN!
MEANTIME... A FEW MINUTES PREVIOUSLY...
CALLING BATMAN! GO TO JASPER QUINCH... 42 STOVE STREET... HE HAS INFORMATION ABOUT ALLY BABBLE...
THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! A BREAK!
... SO YOU SEE, IT'S ALL MY FAULT! I'LL PAY ALL DAMAGES... BUT STOP BABBLE BEFORE HE STARTS MORE TROUBLE!
WHERE WOULD HE BE NOW?

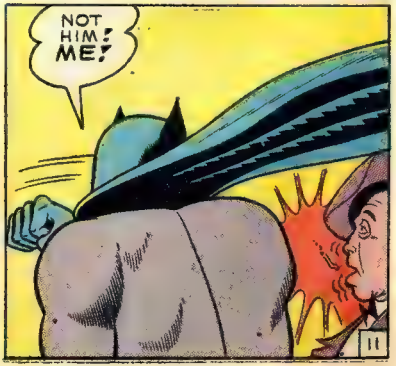
I COULD'VE NEVER DONE THIS ALONE! NOW WE'LL SEE HOW THEY LIKE HOTFOOTSIES ... EH ... YI!
BE GOOD AND YA WON'T GIT HOIT!
YA GOT US IN, BABBLE ... BUT WE'RE GOIN' OUT... WID DE CLUB'S SOLID GOLD ANNIVERSARY CUP!

YOU'RE GOING OUT... BUT NOT THE WAY YOU THINK!
BATMAN! HE'S HERE!
IF HE'S HERE, I WANNA BE THERE!

I'M ROBIN! PLEASED TO MEET YOU! SHAKE!


YER QUITE A GUY, BATMAN ... BUT YA CAN'T LICK BULLETS!
A GUN! I'LL STOP THIS! I'LL BE A HERO!
BULLETS NEVER BOTHER ME UNLESS THEY HIT ME!

PUT 'EM UP OR I'LL...
OW!
POP!
YOU'LL WHAT?


NOT HIM! ME!

HE WAS MINE!
OKAY, I OWE YOU ONE!
LATER...
SO WHEN BATMAN'S HELPLESS, I SEZ 'A MYSELF, "ALLY," I SEZ TA ME "YOU HAVE GOT TO HELP BATMAN ETC., ETC., ETC.,..."
HM-M!
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
HM-M!
HM-M!
BABBLE, I JUST REALIZED THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN FIFTEEN PEEVES!
ZATSO, MR. QUINCH? WHO'S NUMBER FIFTEEN?
YOU! PEOPLE WHO TALK TOO MUCH!
MY LEGS! I CAN WALK AGAIN! ALLY'S TALKING DID IT! I FORGOT MYSELF AND ... ALLY, I OWE IT ALL TO YOU!
SURE! PSYCHOLOGY! DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I WORKED IT ON A FRIEND? MY FRIEND COME UP AND HE SEZ 'A ME, "ALLY, OLD BOY, I NEED YOUR HELP!" SO I ... I ... I... ETC... ETC...
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
SO THEN I... I... I... ETC... ETC...
BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH
ANOTHER TALKYTOON WITH ALLY BABBLE COMING IN A FUTURE ISSUE!! WATCH FOR IT!
the END

VOLTO FROM MARS

THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD WHEN VOLTO AND JIMMY HELP AMERICA'S FARMERS HARVEST CROPS TO FEED OUR NATION'S FIGHTING MEN! BUT THANKS TO VOLTO'S MIGHTY MAGNETIC POWERS... WELL, SEE FOR YOURSELF!

AN APPROACHING HAIL STORM THREATENS THE PEACH CROP...

I SHORE HATE TUH LOSE MY PEACHES, BUT I RECKON WE BETTER GET INSIDE BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS.

PERHAPS I CAN HELP — COME ON IN, JIMMY!

SUDDENLY ON THE HILL ABOVE JIMMY...

AND BELOW...

LOOK OUT, JIMMY!... THAT ROCK!

HERE'S WHERE I GO INTO ACTION.

AND VOLTO CALLS ON HIS POTENT POWERS TO SAVE JIMMY!

SEE? WHEN I SAY 'VOLTO' MY LEFT HAND **REPELS**...

VOLTO

WHEW! A CLOSE CALL!

NOW TO SAVE THE PEACH CROP — MY RIGHT HAND **ATTRACTS!** WATCH!

VOLTO

AMAZING! THANKS TO YOU, VOLTO, MY CROP IS SAFE. ALL US FARMERS COULD HARVEST MIGHTY BIG WARTIME CROPS IF WE HAD MORE VOLUNTEER HELP.

WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR POWERS WITH WHOLE GRAIN CEREAL ...DO YOU HAVE SOME?

WHY, WE HAVE THE BEST OF ALL, **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!** THEY'RE MIGHTY TASTY BY THEMSELVES... AND BETTER STILL WITH FRESH PEACHES. LET'S GO!

AND LATER...

WHY, THIS IS DELICIOUS. AND THESE *GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES* SUPERCHARGE YOU WITH ENERGY, TOO!

TAKE IT FROM ME... YOU HAVE A TREAT IN STORE IF YOU HAVEN'T TRIED **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES**. TRY SOME TODAY!

Grape-Nuts Flakes

WHOLE GRAIN

©1948 GENERAL FOODS CORP.

How would You like to read Batman and Robin Every Day?

SEEMS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, DOESN'T IT? – A BRAND-NEW EXCITING EPISODE IN THE WHIRLWIND ADVENTURES OF YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS *Every day in the week!*

BUT IT *IS* TRUE! **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** APPEAR IN DAILY NEWSPAPER STRIPS AND COLORFUL SUNDAY PAGES IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY! PERHAPS A NEWSPAPER IN YOUR TOWN ALREADY CARRIES THIS SWELL FEATURE. IF SO, WRITE US AND LET US KNOW HOW YOU LIKE IT, AND GIVE US SUGGESTIONS ON HOW WE MIGHT MAKE IT BETTER. BUT IF **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** *DOESN'T* APPEAR IN A NEWSPAPER IN YOUR TOWN, WRITE TO US SAYING YOU'D *LIKE* TO SEE IT. IF *ENOUGH* PALS OF **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** WRITE IN, WE MAY BE ABLE TO ARRANGE FOR YOUR NEWSPAPER TO CARRY THE STRIP!

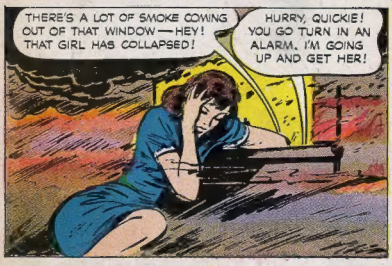
SO IT'S UP TO *YOU*! WRITE RIGHT AWAY—AND TELL ALL YOUR *FRIENDS* TO WRITE, TOO! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER—OR A PENNY POSTCARD—TO:

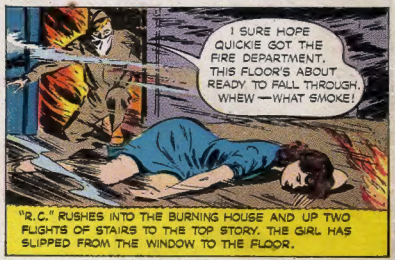
BATMAN AND ROBIN
ROOM 933
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

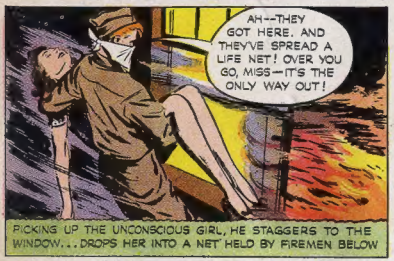
PROVE YOU'RE A PAL! – WRITE RIGHT NOW!

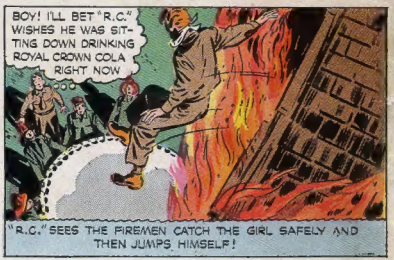
ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

FLAMING RESCUE!
SAY, "R.C.", I SEE SOMETHING GOOD--A ROYAL CROWN COLA STAND!
QUIET, QUICKIE! I HEAR SOMETHING BAD -- SOMEONE'S YELLING FIRE!
FIRE! FIRE!
ROYAL CROWN COLA


THERE'S A LOT OF SMOKE COMING OUT OF THAT WINDOW—HEY! THAT GIRL HAS COLLAPSED!
HURRY, QUICKIE! YOU GO TURN IN AN ALARM. I'M GOING UP AND GET HER!


I SURE HOPE QUICKIE GOT THE FIRE DEPARTMENT. THIS FLOOR'S ABOUT READY TO FALL THROUGH, WHEW—WHAT SMOKE!
"R.C." RUSHES INTO THE BURNING HOUSE AND UP TWO FLIGHTS OF STAIRS TO THE TOP STORY. THE GIRL HAS SLIPPED FROM THE WINDOW TO THE FLOOR.


AH--THEY GOT HERE, AND THEY'VE SPREAD A LIFE NET! OVER YOU GO, MISS—IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT!
PICKING UP THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL, HE STAGGERS TO THE WINDOW... DROPS HER INTO A NET HELD BY FIREMEN BELOW


BOY! I'LL BET "R.C." WISHES HE WAS SITTING DOWN DRINKING ROYAL CROWN COLA RIGHT NOW
"R.C." SEES THE FIREMEN CATCH THE GIRL SAFELY AND THEN JUMPS HIMSELF!

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE? YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
SO'S THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA.
YOU'RE WELCOME, MISS--AND QUICKIE'S RIGHT--IT'S THE ONLY COLA THAT'S BEST BY TASTE-TEST!

COWBOY STAR JIMMY WAKELY SAYS:
SURE THING! IT DOES TASTE BEST!
Cowboy star Jimmy Wakely has a sharp taste for colas! He tried leading colas in paper cups and picked the one that tasted best. It was Royal Crown Cola! "R C's my favorite 'quick-up' treat!" says Jimmy. Try it today! 2 full glasses in each 5¢ bottle.
See Jimmy Wakely in "SONG OF THE RANGE" a Monogram picture
ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!
ROYAL CROWN COLA
2 FULL GLASSES 5¢

FLATTERMANN